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Jay Alpert

PUT IT IN!



ADULTS ONLY

FOREWORD

Jay Alpert has finally returned to Surrey House, Inc. After much too long an absence, he recently walked into our office with the manuscript of *Stick It In!* securely stuck under his arm.

It is always a pleasure welcoming anyone like Jay into the office; he has that essential extraness blatantly visible right where it ought to be hanging... heavy, too.

Heavy and full of manjuice... just like his *Stick It In!*

Here he pulls out all the stops and gets right down into the dirt with leather and shackles and filth to grovel in and water sports to wash it away after...?

After...?

Well, it starts with a packed-full cock ring, bursting with blood too long retained and cum too long unreleased—and moves on from there to bigger and better things.

You'll like this glimpse into the heavy-handed world of S&M because of the true rewards an insight into the wide-spread phenomena imparts upon awareness.

All in all, just what Surrey House, Inc. wants from Jay Alpert. Only your letters will let us know if he succeeded.

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—THE PUBLISHERS

San Diego, California

May, 1974

CHAPTER ONE

As the elevator moved upward, Pete knew the armpits of his shirt were soaking wet. He was nervous, scared, but yet at the same time excited.

The leather thong was still binding his cock and balls and the dildo that Dan had forced him to shove up inside his asshole and keep there—even to this party—was uncomfortable as he moved, but he was still excited.

He glanced over at Dan. Cool, unbothered. Not a trace of excitement or nervousness. Dan was standing there, looking straight forward. Pete took in the good looks of the guy, the hard body, then closed his eyes. He shuddered a little. A draft.

He, Pete Stuart, belonged to that other man in the elevator, completely. At times it approached being too much to take.

The elevator finally got to the fifteenth floor. Both of them stepped out, Pete careful to stay the proscribed two feet behind his master.

The hallway was clear of people, although the noise of the party was easily heard. Dan finally looked at Pete. “Okay, baby,” he said. “Get on your knees.”

“Somebody might come,” Pete said. Scenes in uncontrolled open places always bothered him.

“Get on your fucking knees,” Dan said.

Slowly Pete did what he was told. He closed his eyes as he felt the inch-wide leather collar being put around his neck. He heard a click as a metal clamp was opened and attached to a ring on the collar. They were ready. Dan started down the hall with Pete behind him on the floor. He was being presented tonight, as the dog he was.

Dan rang the bell to the apartment. Pete desperately hoped somebody would answer before anybody walked by them in the hall.

Dan had to ring a second time before the door was finally opened. Pete didn’t open his eyes to see who had answered it. He didn’t really care.

“You’re finally here. We all thought you had changed your mind.” The voice belonged to somebody Pete knew only as Tom. He was well off financially, older and a freak. Pete felt himself being pulled inside the apartment.

“He’s a damned fine-looking kid,” Tom said. He reached down and patted Pete’s ass. “That, my boy,” he added, “is going to get the workout of your life.”

“Open your eyes,” Dan commanded. “I want you to see your audience.”

Pete did what he was told. They were all men and they were all staring at him. There were about thirty of them in the room, mostly aunties.

“Stand up and strip off your clothes,” Dan said. His voice was softer now. It always got softer when the really rough stuff started. He turned to Tom. “Got a little bowl I can use for a minute?”

Tom hustled off to the kitchen while Pete stood up. He was wearing clothes he could get off without having to remove his collar. He took his shirt off first and felt excitement surge through his body as he saw most of the men in the room look at him. They liked what he had. That turned him on. His cock, under the material of his trousers, was achingly hard. *Why, he thought, does this shit turn me on so much?* Sometimes he wished to God that it didn’t.

Pete got his shoes and socks off, then let his pants drop. He stepped out of them. Naked, he stood straight and looked back at his audience.

They liked what they were seeing now even better. Pete’s cock was stiff, arching up in the air, and pointing almost straight out. The leather thong was stretching around the thick shaft, winding under his balls and eventually tied to the dildo that was solidly lodged in his greased-up asshole.

His erection made the strap even more uncomfortable, but Pete didn’t care. He was reaching that point of no return. He was about ready for anything.

He stood there, defiantly proud, until Tom came back with a bowl. He handed it to Dan.

“Okay, baby,” Dan said. “Get my cock out.”

Pete squatted down in front of Dan. He fumbled with the fly, reaching in, and pulled out his thick, long, half-hard prick. He heard a couple of comments behind him, but ignored them.

“Get on all fours,” Dan said. His voice was so low and soft that Pete could barely hear it. He sensed rather than heard what Dan was telling him to do.

He got to his hands and knees on the thick carpet and let his head hang down. He heard the sound of Dan pissing in the bowl. A lot of piss. It seemed to go on forever. The bowl was put in front of Pete on the floor. “Drink it,” Dan said. “Just to show these creeps how good you are.”

Pete hesitated only a second before lowering his head to the lip of the bowl. He felt his cock jerk with excitement as he used his tongue to feel and taste the warm liquid. He lapped up the piss, loving it. He lapped and sucked up the amber fluid until most of it was out of the bowl.

“Good boy,” Dan said. Then he looked at the other people in the room. “This is my slave. He’ll do anything I tell him to, but only what *I* tell him to. Don’t think any of you can get in on the act.”

That was the warning. One time, in a weird scene, somebody had tried to tell Pete what to do and Dan had almost killed the guy.

Tom walked up again at that point. He seemed to appreciate being part of the action. “Is the slave allowed to have something to drink?” he asked. There was a slight edge of amusement in his voice. Pete hated him for that.

“Do you want a drink?” Dan asked. Pete shook his head *no*. He was already stoned. He didn’t want any alcohol.

“Sir,” he said. “Maybe I could have a glass of water.”

“Later,” Dan said, and reached out and took the tall glass of booze that Tom offered him. Pete cringed slightly when he saw Dan taking the drink. Most times when Dan drank, he seemed to go a little off the deep end. It was usually Pete who suffered.

Pete couldn’t say anything. If Dan got extra rough with him, or demanded that he do things that didn’t especially turn him on, that was a part of the game. It was an exciting game, too, for Pete.

Pete had given long sessions of thought to what he was involved in. He always started off calling it a game, but it was more than that, it was part of his life. He had to have it, Dan or someone like him, or he wasn't satisfied. Without being a slave he would be like a starving man, constantly hungry.

"Get to your feet," Dan said, breaking into Pete's thoughts. "Do you see that guy over there with the yellow sweater?" he continued.

Pete nodded. "Yes, sir," he added, when Dave gave him an angry look.

"Go over and ask him if you can lick out his asshole."

Without a second's hesitation, Pete walked naked over to the man that Dan had pointed out. Dan was testing him, seeing if he was ready. The man in the yellow sweater, although young, was extremely effeminate. He seemed to swish without even moving.

He had a yellow sweater on over a skinny chest and no shirt. White pants that only added to the size of his fat ass completed the outfit. Pete wasn't paying any attention to what the guy looked like, he was concerned only with doing what Dan wanted.

Every eye in the room was on him as he walked over to the group where yellow sweater was holding court.

He saw and felt hands reach out to touch and grab for his cock, but he ignored them. He walked right up in front of the man he'd been sent to.

"Excuse me," he said, looking the guy straight in the eye. "My master has asked me to ask you if I can lick out your asshole."

Blood entered the man's face like a geyser erupting. He was dumbfounded, then he gasped a reply, an attempt at humor. "Why, how rude!" he said and looked around for what he thought would be an amused reaction. The reaction was not amused. His friends were staring at Pete and waiting to see what would happen.

"My master wants me to lick out your asshole," Pete repeated when no direct answer came. "I'll beg you if you want me to, but I have to do what he says."

Again the victim flushed. "Well, I don't know," he stammered. "Right here?"

“Right here,” Pete said. He reached out and lifted the man’s sweater. He got hold of the belt and opened it. He slid down the zipper and peeled the pants down past the man’s heavy hips.

“Now wait a minute,” the man said, but before he could say any more, Pete was on his knees, behind him. He leaned forward and, after spreading the man’s asscheeks with his hands, pressed his face into the white, puffy, funky crack.

He pressed forward with his tongue, feeling it plunge against, then slip inside the gritty hole. He tongued the man’s foul ass, pushing deeper and deeper inside with each thrust.

After an initial burst of indignation, the man relaxed and began to enjoy what Pete was doing to him. He had never in all his life had somebody as good looking and as young as Pete doing anything that approached what was happening now, and in front of all these people. He could talk about it for months.

“That’s enough,” Dan called from the far side of the room and Pete immediately pulled his tongue out of the asshole. He squatted back on his heels, running his hand only once over his still erect cock, and waited for the next command.

As he waited he was aware that somebody had moved up next to him and was standing close to his side. He looked up and recognized the man as a leather freak who was always hanging out at one of the S&M bars. He was known for really hurting people, especially people who didn’t want to be hurt.

“If he ever kicks you out,” the man said in a low tone, almost a whisper, “you always got a home. Just look me up.”

Pete didn’t know if Dan had seen the exchange or not. He guessed not, because Dan didn’t react.

At a gesture of the head from Dan, Pete got up and walked to the other side of the room. Dan had a second drink in his hand. Tom was keeping him well supplied.

“Excuse me, sir,” Pete said, “but maybe you shouldn’t drink so much.” He closed his eyes knowing what Dan’s reaction would be, but he felt it was

necessary to say something.

He felt the fist slam against the side of his head. For almost a second he felt nothing and then a sharp sting filled the whole right side of his face. Dan had hit him hard, right over the ear.

Pete, for a while, heard nothing but buzzing and felt nothing but pain, but he didn't move. He stood there enduring the pain. He felt Dan's hand in his hair, pulling him up, making Pete look at him.

"Don't you ever talk to me like that again," Dan said. His voice was already a little slurred. He just couldn't drink, not at all. Pete realized he was in for a bad night, or was it a "good" night?

"Get down on your fuckin' belly," Dan said, and Pete instantly dropped to the floor, spreading himself out flat. Dan stood over him. He held his cock up and forced the piss out of his bladder. Pete felt what was just a few drops hit his back and ass.

"Dan, for heaven's sake," Tom protested. "Not on the carpet."

"What? Oh, yeah," Dan said. "Sorry." He put his cock back in his pants and deliberately walked away, leaving Pete on the floor on his belly. He stayed away a full half-hour.

In that thirty minutes, Pete didn't move out of his position. He stayed where he was. Obviously though, Dan had given permission to several guys at the party to come and "examine" Pete. He lay face down on the carpet and felt hands all over his body, rubbing his back, feeling his ass, even spreading his asscheeks and pushing a finger against the dildo, shoving it farther into his asshole. He allowed it all to happen because Dan wanted it that way.

A hand jammed itself under his belly, reaching for his cock. "Christ," Pete heard somebody say above him, "his cock is still hard."

The hand jerked his dick off a few times in that cramped space, then pulled out. "That kid's a fucking robot," the voice added. "He's really turned on by this bit."

"That leather string he's got on keeps it that way," somebody else said.

"It doesn't keep somebody's cock that hard unless he's excited," the first voice said. "That kid's just freaked, that's all."

"Obviously high on something," a third voice said. Pete lay there finding it funny that they would talk about him like that, like he wasn't there, like he couldn't hear them. It was an added humiliation that only made his cock harder.

Dan finally came back. He was naked, his cock solid hard. He sat in a chair near where Pete was lying. "Come over here," he said. Pete was glad to hear that Dan's voice was normal. Chances were that he hadn't had any more to drink.

"Lick my balls, baby," Dan said. "Make me feel good."

Pete looked up at Dan before lowering his head to the man's balls. Dan was the owner. He had to do anything Dan wanted, and in a way he loved Dan for that. Dan was strength, power. He had a strong body, a big, hard cock, a fine looking face, and the ability to protect Pete no matter what happened. Pete lowered his face and pressed it against Dan's balls. He took one in his mouth and sucked it gently, and before going to the second, he let his tongue wander over Dan's sack.

Just as he took the second ball in his mouth, Tom came back with another damned drink. Pete pulled his mouth away from Dan and looked up at him. From his expression he was begging Dan not to take the drink.

"I know what's best for both of us," Dan said when he saw Pete looking at him. "You just suck." When Pete went back to licking, sucking and kissing Dan's balls, he heard Dan take a long swallow of the drink.

"You know," Tom said, standing to the side and above Pete, "the amazing thing is that you wouldn't even know the kid was a faggot. Christ, he looks like a truck driver, and here he is doing any goddamned thing he's told to."

"Only if I tell him to," Dan added.

"Yeah, I know that bit," Tom continued, "but I always thought slaves were little skinny swishes with bleached hair and painted toenails."

"So you got your mind changed."

“Yeah, I guess I did.”

“Pete,” Dan said and Pete looked up at him, taking his mouth reluctantly from Dan’s balls. “Do you like this guy?” Dan asked, nodding at Tom.

“No, sir,” Pete answered.

“Okay, kid, suck,” Dan said and laughed as he turned to Tom. “He doesn’t like you.”

“Tough shit,” Tom said and walked away.

There was other action in the room by this time. Other mouths were sucking other balls and cocks. A few bodies were bent over chairs and couches, taking either Dan or Pete. They’d walk up, hopeful, and watch Pete suck Dan’s balls for a while, but nobody touched.

Tom didn’t stay angry long. He was back shortly to refill Dan’s drink. Obviously, the way he was forcing booze on the guy, he knew Dan’s inability to handle it.

Pete worked on Dan’s cock and balls without stopping for over twenty minutes. Slow, gentle, constant. Tender loving care.

A heavy knock on the door interrupted everybody, except Pete. Tom, acting as always as the gracious host, hurried to answer it. Pete had his back to the door and couldn’t see who had come in until Dan allowed him to stop sucking and turn around.

“Turn around, kid,” Dan said, “and take a look at your partner for the night.”

Pete took his mouth off Dan’s cock and turned around to look toward the front door. There were two men standing there but Pete knew instantly which one Dan was talking about.

The one closest to them was a short, squat man, partially bald, with a huge paunch. Behind him, towering above him, was a huge black man, not only in height, but in everything. His body was massive. His arms seemed as large as a normal man’s thighs. His chest bulged out his white T-shirt. Pete glanced down at the front of the man’s pants where a long, thick dick fought for room.

As Pete continued to stare at the black man from his kneeling position, Dan got up from his chair and walked, his cock jutting forward, over to the pair. Pete watched him shake hands and exchange a few words with the fat little guy then turn to the black man. They didn't shake hands. They were all business and talked in low tones for a few seconds before Dan turned and nodded at Pete. He turned back to the black man and the huge man shrugged his approval.

Dan nodded at Pete and he got up and walked over to the trio. All eyes in the room were on Pete again. He could feel the excitement mounting, both in himself and in the room. All other sex action in the room had stopped. Everybody seemed to realize that they were in for a freaked out, weird scene.

When Pete had joined the other three, Dan smiled. "Baby," he said, "this big guy's name's Roy and you two're going to get to know each other real well." He gave a vacant sort of laugh and Pete knew for sure that he was drunk.

The black had a look of half disgust and half excitement on his face. "This the kid I'm gonna fuck?" he asked. Dan nodded.

"Well," Roy added. "let's take a look at the merchandise."

Dan slowly fumbled the leather thong from around Pete's cock then roughly pulled the dildo out of his asshole. Roy walked up to Pete and turned him around. He ran his hand over Pete's ass. "Nice," he said. Then Pete felt a finger jammed into his asshole, poking hard and stiff into him. "His hole's still kinda tight," Roy added. "That's gonna make it rough on him."

"He likes it rough," Dan said. "The rougher the better."

Tom had joined the group by that time and suggested that they move into the bedroom. "Everything's ready," he said; his excitement was so high his voice cracked.

The bedroom was large enough to accommodate everybody at the party. The room was dominated by a large king-sized bed, placed exactly in the middle.

A small spotlight shone down from the ceiling, illuminating the bed. The rest of the room was dark. There was no head or footboard on the bed, so the sight line was good from any part of the room.

Roy was told by the little fat man to lie down on the bed, fully clothed. Pete was made to stand to the side of the bed. He was so excited by what was happening that his cock was dripping. When everybody had their drinks freshened and were inside the bedroom, Dan started the action.

Tom handed him a leather blindfold which he put on Pete. He added a pair of loose handcuffs, which kept Pete's hand in front of him but allowed him fairly general movement.

Dan started to slap Pete's cock. After a few hard swats, his cock reluctantly lost some of its hardness. After a few more, his cock started to wilt. Pete stood there accepting the pain, finding it impossible not to flinch when he thought another swat was coming. Dan was hurting him.

When Pete's cock was soft and hanging down his thigh, a third piece of equipment was added. It was a leather sheath which was pulled over the entire length of his cock. Inside the sheath were small studs, not too sharp, but sharp enough to cause a great deal of pain if and when Pete's cock got hard. The sheath was custom made for Pete's cock and fit him perfectly. When it was covering the entire length, Dan pulled the two small straps down around Pete's balls and tied them tight. Pete was ready.

All this time Roy was lying on the bed, his hands behind his head, smiling. It was obvious he was turned on by what was happening; his cock had gotten even larger in his pants and was now poking halfway down his thigh.

"From now on," Dan said, "you'll do anything either Roy or I tells you. Roy is allowed to tell you what to do. You understand that?"

Pete nodded his understanding.

"How about me?" Tom asked. "How about letting me do what I want with him?"

"Fuck off," Dan said. "Okay, baby," he said, turning back to Pete. "Take his clothes off."

Pete was totally defenseless. The blindfold kept him completely in the dark and the handcuffs, although loose, seemed to jeopardize his balance. He stumbled as he walked closer to the bed. He leaned down until he was touching Roy's belt.

His cock was starting to harden and he could feel the points of the studs pressing into the tender flesh. He knew that if he got a complete hard-on, the pain would be almost unbearable, but he also knew he would get that hard-on. He always did.

He had just loosened Roy's belt when Roy spoke to him for the first time since getting on the bed. "Start with the shoes, kid and suck off my feet."

Pete made his way to the foot of the bed and groped until he found Roy's feet. He got the shoes and socks off then knelt on the floor and began sucking and licking the man's feet. He got his tongue between the toes then took each toe into his mouth like he would take a cock, sucking on them. He had Roy groaning in pleasure in just seconds.

"That's enough," Dan said, after a few seconds. "Get his clothes off."

Roy didn't protest when Pete left his feet. He was lying there, his hands still behind his head, watching the kid as he moved back to the bed. Again Pete groped for the belt, opened it and slid down the zipper.

He pulled the pants down far enough for his prick to escape. When the full length of his cock was pulled out, several guys in the room grunted their approval. Pete felt the cock with his hands. It was probably the biggest he had ever come into contact with, and it was going to be inside him in just a few minutes.

He pulled and urged Roy's help until the man's trousers were off. Pete went to the shirt, unbuttoning it and pulling it off.

Dan came up to the bed and grabbing Pete's hair, pulled him off the bed. He made him stand next to the bed while he took the blindfold off. "I want you to take a look at that guy," Dan said.

Pete looked down at the coal black body stretched out on the bed. It was magnificent. Sleek, satiny muscles were everywhere. Tremendously wide shoulders tapered down to a narrow waist. Roy's gut muscles stood out in

relief. His thighs were huge and his cock was beyond description and, impossible as it seemed, his prick seemed to get even bigger.

After Pete had had a few seconds to look at Roy's body, Dan put the blindfold back on. "Go lick that body," Dan said.

Just before Pete started moving to the bed, he heard Tom say to Dan, "Here's your drink." That goddamned fruit was still pushing booze at Dan.

Pete got on the bed and leaned down to Roy's body. He ran his tongue over the man's belly, moving down to his cock.

"No, kid," Roy said. "You just sit for a while on my stomach." Pete did what he was told. He straddled the man and came to rest with his ass on Roy's lower belly. Roy reached down and brought his cock up and shoved it in between Pete's ass and his stomach. Pete could feel the monster pulsating under him.

Roy shoved Pete farther down on his belly until he was able to lean up. He moved with his mouth to Pete's tits. Pete felt the hot breath on his chest and the first sensation of having his tits worked on. Pete groaned in pain, but held his ground. The teeth bit harder into the tit. Pete groaned and was forced to move back from the intense pain. He immediately felt a hand on his back, pushing him forward, toward the source of the pain. It was Dan doing the pushing.

He allowed himself to be moved forward until Roy could reach him again. The teeth attacked his left nipple this time, biting into it hard. Pete groaned, but didn't move. The teeth bit even harder into him. "Please," Pete begged. "Not so hard. Please!!!"

Roy relented for a few seconds then continued the onslaught. He bit hard into one nipple while he squeezed the other between his fingernails. As he worked on Pete, Pete could feel the cock that rested between his legs grow even harder.

"I'm gonna bite those fuckers off," Roy said, then returned his mouth to the tortured nipples.

He chewed on them, causing Pete unbelievable pain until somebody in the crowd said, "Christ, they're bleeding."

That seemed to bring Dan to his senses. He pushed Roy's head away from Pete's chest. "Leave some for me," he said in a joking way, and Roy finally pulled off. Pete was really worried. Dan's voice was definitely slurred from the drinks he'd had.

"Okay, kid," Roy said after reluctantly relinquishing Pete's tits, "get down there and suck my joint."

Pete swung off Roy's body and knelt on the bed. He groped with his mouth until he found his cock. He got the huge black head inside his mouth and licked and sucked.

Roy motioned to Wally, the fat little guy he'd come with, and Wally walked over to the bed and handed the black two tubes. While Pete sucked him off, Roy took the cap off one of the tubes. He squirted a small amount on his fingertips and reached down and roughly pulled Pete around until Pete's ass was toward him. Roy grabbed hold of Pete's nuts and slowly spread them with the cream from his fingers.

It took about five seconds before Pete was moaning in agony. His balls were on fire. They felt scorched. He was in such pain that he had to let go of Roy's cock and kneel up. He tried to grab for his burning nuts, to somehow sooth them, but the handcuffs hampered him. All he really could do was kneel there, his head thrown back, and moan out his suffering.

"It'll be over in a little while, kid," Roy said, then chuckled. He turned to Wally. "That stuff is wild."

Slowly, the burning agony began to recede. By that time Pete was begging to be allowed to wash it off. To put his suffering balls in water. "Just for a second, please!"

He was made to kneel there and endure the pain. As the burning slowly subsided, he became conscious again of sounds around him. He heard Dan talking to Wally. "What's in that stuff?" he asked.

"A special mixture," Wally said. "I have it made by a pharmacist friend of mine. You want some?"

Dan said he sure did.

"Okay, kid," Roy said. "The vacation's over. Get back to sucking my cock."

Pete's pain was reduced enough for him to bend over the cock and take as much of it as he could into his mouth. He sucked hard, somehow hoping he could force Roy to shoot off so he wouldn't have to endure the terrible pain of having that monster cock forced up inside his asshole.

After only a few seconds Pete realized that he wasn't going to get Roy to shoot off. Even if he did, the guy could probably shoot off five times and still keep going.

While Pete was sucking his cock he heard Roy taking the cap off another tube. He cringed and tried to move his ass away from the man. Roy only laughed. "This won't burn, kid," he said. "This is just a little grease for your asshole. I figured I'd do you that favor anyway."

Roy reached down and pulled Pete's ass closer to his hand. He squirted out a large glob of the grease and ran it up and down the crack of Pete's ass. He took another glob and, using two fingers, shoved it up Pete's asshole.

The entrance of the two fingers was a shock to Pete. It hurt but at the same time he was enjoying the pain. He felt his cock start to rise in its sheath and felt the additional pain from the studs begin. He was getting pain from both sides his cock and his asshole, and he was liking it.

When he was thoroughly greased, Roy pushed his head away from his cock. Pete felt and heard Roy getting up. He felt himself being pushed to the center of the bed and being forced down on all fours. He felt his ass being pulled up higher in the air.

"Look at that beautiful queer ass," he heard Roy say, then felt the man's hands running over his ass flesh. Two fingers were again shoved brutally into his asshole. "Got to open you up a little," Roy said, and added a third finger.

Gratefully, the fingers were pulled out. Pete felt Roy's body press against him and his cockhead jamming against his ass. His asscheeks were spread and the cockhead shoved tight against his asshole.

"Think you can take it, kid?" Roy asked. Pete didn't even move his head in acknowledgment. He had to take it; Dan wanted him to.

Just as Roy started to press harder against his asshole and Pete was feeling the head start to slide inside him, Dan moved to Pete's face. He held

a tube up to his nose. Pete gratefully took a deep whiff of the popper. Dan moved the tube to Pete's other nostril and again he inhaled. For a split second nothing happened, then that feeling, that lightheadedness, that pleasant sexual pressure in his groin started, and Pete wanted that big black cock up his ass. He wanted it more than anything in the world. He felt his asshole opening, inviting the cock, grabbing for it.

He pressed backward, moving his ass in a small circle, wanting that cock.

"Look at that sonofabitch," Roy said. "He wants my cock." Roy pressed forward and his cockhead slowly edged into Pete's ass. When the head was fully inside, Roy stopped. He let Pete's asshole adjust to the huge invasion. Pete was enjoying the stuffed feeling.

Dan moved again to Pete's front and the popper was again shoved to his nostrils. Pete inhaled and wanted Roy's cock even more. He got it.

After waiting those few seconds for Pete to get used to the size of his cock, Roy leaned up and, in one, long, brutal stroke, shoved the entire length of his cock into Pete's asshole. Pete let out a shriek of pain and tried desperately to get away from the cock, but Roy had a tight hold on his hips. His big black prick was imbedded its full length into Pete. He pulled it out, with just the head still inside. Again Roy leaned up and fucked down, hard and brutal, ramming his whole cock all the way inside Pete. He put his whole weight behind the fuck.

Pete felt the giant cock slam up into his guts. As Roy pulled it out and again rammed it back into him, the terrible pain that wracked his body gradually became a good feeling, pain and pleasure mixed. Slowly, as Roy moved his cock with more and more speed in and out of his asshole, the pleasure took over completely.

The crowd in the room wasn't saying a word. To a man, none had ever seen anything like it. Roy's cock was huge, probably the largest any of them had ever seen. Pete was just kneeling there and taking that monster. It was enough to shock many of them and turn all of them on.

Dan moved in front of Pete and shoved his cock at Pete's mouth. Pete opened up and took it inside. "Suck on it good, baby," Dan said, and Pete

did what he was told. About every minute, while he was still sucking, Dan would stick the popper up his nose again. Pete was floating in sensation.

Roy and Dan got a rhythm going. As Roy slammed his cock into Pete's asshole, Dan shoved his cock hard down Pete's throat. Inside Pete's body, it was as though the two cock were somehow meeting in the middle. He had never felt so filled with cock.

Despite the pain the studs caused, his cock was hard as a rock. A third painful sensation.

Dan didn't last long. He always shot off fast when he'd been drinking. He pumped his cock into Pete's mouth time after time and, with a huge groan, shoved the whole length down Pete's throat and shot off. Huge gobs of fuck cream spurted down Pete's throat, so much that he almost gagged. He didn't, though Dan would have been pissed if he had.

Dan pulled his prick out and, with an almost total indifference, left the scene to Roy. As soon as they were left alone, Roy pulled his cock out of Pete's asshole and flipped him over on his back. He took Pete's blindfold off and raised his legs high in the air. He slammed his prick back into Pete's stretched asshole. He never stopped, he just kept fucking, long, hard, brutal strokes that penetrated Pete's entire insides.

Dan had left the room, leaving Pete to suffer the fuck without the help of poppers. It soon made a difference. The pleasure he had been feeling from the gigantic cock invading his asshole turned to a vague discomfort. He wanted Roy to shoot off, to fill his asshole with cum then pull his huge cock out, but the guy just kept fucking him. Looking down in his face and fucking him, it was as though he wanted to punish Pete forever with his cock.

The fucking continued for so long that eventually most of the people in the room started to wander into the living room. After all, watching a fuck can hold interest only so long. There were a couple of diehards who stayed, but most left for their own sexual bouts. Still Roy fucked Pete's ass. And fucked and fucked and fucked.

It was no longer just a discomfort for Pete. It ached like hell, and the constant friction was making him sick to his stomach. His asshole felt as though it had been rubbed raw.

Pete looked up at the black face above him. “Please shoot,” he said. “It’s really getting to me.” By this time Pete had been taking Roy’s cock for over forty minutes.

Roy looked down and grinned. He didn’t miss a stroke. “No, man,” he said. “I can fuck like this all night.”

Pete had heard that before, from a lot of people, but this was the first time he’d believed it. He started to move his ass even more, milking Roy’s cock with what asshole muscles he had left, hoping to push Roy over the hill into an orgasm. Nothing helped. Roy just kept on fucking him, shoving that iron rod of meat into his asshole then pulling it out. Roy was a machine made for fucking, for hurting.

A few minutes later, while Roy’s prick was still plunging in and out of his asshole, Pete looked up and saw Dan standing next to the bed. “Please, Dan,” he said, “ask him to finish up.”

Dan gave a crooked, drunken grin. “Shit, kid,” he said “I thought you liked to get fucked.”

“Please!!” Pete begged.

“Ah, hell, you can take it a little longer,” Dan said. And that cock plunged in and out of Pete’s ass.

Tom joined Dan next to the bed. He looked down at Pete. “You’ll be able to rent that asshole out for a warehouse,” he said, then laughed. Dan laughed, too, loud and long. He was totally drunk.

“I’ve got an idea,” Tom said. “Just a little extra attraction. Okay if I try it?”

Dan agreed without even asking what the idea was. That was wrong. That was betraying the trust Pete had in him. If he hadn’t been drunk, he would never have done it.

Tom was gone for a few minutes and he came back naked. He stood by the side of the bed and stretched a rubber over his cock. Pete stared at him, wondering what in the hell he was going to do. He was scared and excited. He hoped that Tom wasn’t going to try to get his cock up his tortured asshole, too.

Tom picked up the tube that Roy had used earlier, the stuff that had burned Pete so badly. He squeezed some of the ointment into the palm of his hand and gingerly rubbed it over the rubber. He knelt on the bed, pushing his cock at Pete's mouth. "I wonder," Tom said, "how this stuff works in the throat."

Dan didn't protest. He didn't say a word. He allowed Tom to push his cock at Pete's mouth. When Pete wouldn't open up, wouldn't let Tom shove his cock down his throat, Dan moved to the bed and took hold of Pete's left nipple. He pinched it painfully between his fingernails. He pinched and squeezed the already sore nipple until Pete had to open his mouth. He groaned in pain, ready to beg Dan to stop, Roy, and Tom, too.

The instant he opened his mouth, Tom rammed his cock into the hole. He scrambled on top of Pete's face, pushing his cock by his weight into Pete's throat.

Pete's throat instantly began to burn. He tasted the ointment. Bitter. Terrible pain started in the tender membranes of his mouth and throat. He tried to fight, to throw Tom off, to get his cock out of his mouth, but his hands were still tied. He didn't have the strength to buck Tom off his body.

A group of men from the living room, when they heard Pete yelling, came back in to watch the new action.

"Make the asshole suck that cock!" Dan said.

That defeated Pete. He lay back and let Tom rape his mouth. He could bear the burning; it would stop soon. What he couldn't bear was Dan's letting it happen. Dan had broken the trust they had. Pete just wanted out now, but he knew he'd have to go through with anything they wanted before they'd leave him alone.

His legs had long since gotten numb from being raised for so long. His asshole was a constant torture. Every time Roy stroked his long black cock into him, a searing sheet of pain swept through his intestines.

He decided that there was one way to fight back. As Tom pulled back, Pete managed to get his teeth on the rubber that was protecting Tom's cock from the ointment. He bit and tore at the thin sheet of rubber. He managed to rip it then held onto Tom's cock with his mouth and teeth. He moved his tongue around on the cock, spreading the ointment through the tear in the

rubber. Almost instantly Tom began to howl with pain. He tried to get his cock out of Pete's mouth but Pete held on as long as he could.

Finally Tom started hitting wildly at Pete's face with his fists. Anything to get his cock out of the kid's mouth. His cock was burning like it was on fire.

Pete took four vicious blows to his face before he finally had to release Tom's cock, but by that time the damage was done. Tom immediately hopped off the bed and ran for the bathroom, cursing like a madman all the way.

Pete looked up at Dan and saw that he was pissed. Dan set his drink down and looked at Roy. "Finish up there," he said.

"Hell, I just got a good start. Wally said this kid could take my cock all night."

"I said finish up," Dan said in a low, deadly tone. He meant business.

"Okay," Roy said. "Don't go gettin' frantic."

The fucking came even faster then. Roy long-dicked Pete's asshole. He pulled it out until just the end of his cock was still imbedded then rammed it in all the way. Once, twice, ten times. Twenty. Thirty. Finally he grunted and, in mid-stroke, hesitated and rutted against Pete's asshole. His cock jerked and spurted. Again and again it spurted black cum up into Pete's ravaged asshole.

When he was finished he pulled his cock out brutally, without thinking how much pain he would cause Pete. Pete groaned, but was grateful that the fuck was over.

Now all he had bothering him was the terrible burning in his throat and mouth. It felt as though the whole area was blistered. Even his tongue burned. He looked up. Dan was still staring down at him, still angry.

"Please, sir, could I have some water?" Pete asked.

"Shut up," Dan said. He turned to the group. "Anybody here know where Tom keeps his dildos?"

A former lover of Tom's went immediately to a drawer in one of the chests in the room. He came back with a huge rubber prick, sixteen inches

long and massive in diameter. He handed it to Dan.

Dan reached for the tube of ointment that Tom had discarded. He spread a large amount on the dildo and rubbed it around then he headed for Pete's ass.

"No, please," Pete begged. "I can't take any more. Please. Dan!!!"

"Hold his legs," Dan said to a couple of guys who were standing close.

"I don't think you ought to do that," one of them said.

"I don't give a fuck what you think," Dan said and snarled, and with one hand he raised Pete's left leg. Pete struggled, trying to get away, but before he could bounce himself off the bed, Dan had the head of the dildo stuck up his ass and shoved hard. The dildo slid easily into Pete's stretched asshole.

Pete began to shriek as the burning started. It was the most horrible thing he had ever felt in his life. His asshole, already tortured by Roy's brutal fucking, reacted furiously to the ointment. If Pete had thought his balls had burned, if he had thought his throat had burned, it was nothing compared to the searing pain he felt in his asshole.

Dan jammed the entire length of the dildo up Pete's ass then walked away. He left Pete to struggle to get rid of the thing. Pete bounced off the bed, shaking himself, grabbing desperately for the dildo with his bound hands. He couldn't reach it. Desperately he turned to one of the men in the room. "Please," he said. "Take it out."

The man seemed uncertain. He was afraid of Dan's response to anybody helping Pete, but finally he quickly pulled the dildo out. Pete threw himself on his belly, crying and shouting from the pain. There was no way he could get away from it. He had to endure it until it slowly faded.

The man who had pulled the dildo out came up to him with a wet washcloth. He pressed it to Pete's ass. "I don't know if this will help or not," he said.

"Try it. Please try it," Pete begged. He could barely keep still from the burning. He wanted the relief of that cloth.

He endured the agony until slowly the burning started to fade. At last, it was over.

Pete struggled to his feet and headed for the bathroom. His hands were still cuffed. He went inside and squatted on the toilet, shitting out the cum that Roy had spurted up inside him. He went to the bathtub and turned on the water, filling the tub as full as he could and got in. He let his tortured body sink into the warm water.

While the tub had been filling he looked into his mouth in the mirror. There were no blisters. Not even any burns that he could see. The discomfort was totally gone. He didn't know what that ointment was, but it certainly wasn't good news. He didn't want any more of it.

He soaked in the tub for a long time, letting the warm water soothe his asshole and his nipples. He tried to dry himself when he got out, but he couldn't. The cuffs on his hands prevented it.

He walked out into the bedroom wet. Nobody was around except Dan. He was stretched out on the bed, his beautiful body still naked. His cock was half hard, like it always was when he slept. He was dead to the world in a drunken sleep.

Pete got on the bed and slid over next to Dan. He got as close as he could and pressed his back against Dan's belly and fell asleep. Tomorrow was another day.

CHAPTER TWO

Nothing was ever Dan's fault. He was always the victim of circumstances. The next morning after Tom's party, when Pete's deliberate silence and occasional hang-dog looks of recrimination got to be too much for him, Dan shouted, "Look, asshole, it wasn't *my* fault."

Pete didn't say anything. He just kept quiet and every once in a while shot Dan an angry look. He didn't dare do more.

Actually, Pete wasn't feeling bad at all, considering what he had gone through and the pain he had suffered. His mouth was fine. Of course his asshole was sore, but after one of Dan's special sessions, his asshole was always a little sore. Today it just happened to be a little more sore than usual.

After another hour of silence, Dan brought the sore point out into the open. "Okay," he said, "what do you want me to do?"

"Just don't drink so much," Pete said. "That's all. You always go off the deep end when you drink, or let other people go off the deep end."

"And you like it," Dan said. "Admit it, goddamn you. You like it."

"That doesn't have anything to do with it," Pete said. "You told me you'd look after me."

"Christ," Dan muttered. "Who's the fucking slave around here?"

As if to prove that he wasn't, Dan came over behind Pete and grabbed hold of him. "Take your pants off, baby," he said. "I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you."

There wasn't anything Pete could do but shuck off his trousers. He had an appointment to meet somebody in a half hour, but Dan was the boss. He unloosened his belt and let his pants slide down.

"Get naked and bend your ass over that chair," Dan said. Pete complied; the excitement was getting to him and his cock was climbing.

He stripped naked and positioned his body by the chair. He leaned over and Dan walked up behind him, also naked. He pressed his dry cock against

Pete's asshole. "Is that hole sore?" Dan asked.

"Yes, sir," Pete answered.

"Well, we're gonna make it a little sorer," Dan said. He jammed his hard cock into Pete's ass. Pete felt the friction of the dry cock forcing itself up into his asshole. He winched then felt that shudder of excitement that he always felt when Dan used him.

The fuck started hard. Within seconds the lubrication from Dan's cock made the entry feel good for Pete. He stood there, still leaning against the chair, feeling that cock move in and out of his asshole. He grabbed his own cock, starting to beat it off. He hadn't shot his wad the night before and he wanted to now.

Apparently Dan was hot or anxious, because the fuck didn't last long. In minutes it was over. Dan began fucking harder and faster, plunging his cock again and again into Pete's sore asshole. He wedged himself up against Pete, spurting his fresh hot cum into him, breathing hard, sighing, groaning.

Pete almost yelled out in pain when Dan pulled his cock out of him, fast. Too fast.

"That'll remind you who's boss around here," Dan said. "Now get over to the pole."

The "pole" was a special feature of Dan's living room. It was in one corner of the room, bolted to both the ceiling and the floor. That was where Pete was chained.

Dan was already standing by the pole, holding the collar and chain that would be put on Pete.

"Sir, I've got an appointment in just a couple of minutes," Pete said.

Dan looked at him angrily. "I don't give a fuck," he said. "Get over here." Pete walked up to him and allowed him to put the collar around his neck. He heard the lock click into place, then the chain being attached both to the collar and to the pole. He was going to be stuck there, in the apartment, until Dan let him loose.

"I'm going out and get a few beers," Dan said as soon as Pete was secure. "You just sit there and think of the fuck cream you've got in your

ass. When I get back I want to see three cum spots on the floor from you thinking about that fuck cream and then beating off. You hear me? Three.”

Pete nodded, the appointment all but forgotten in the excitement of what he was being made to do. He might be alone for three, four hours. He never knew when Dan would come back. And for some strange reason, he liked not knowing.

Dan slammed the door, leaving Pete chained to the pole. Pete loved being treated like that, but somehow Dan was feeling that Pete was getting too far out. Oh sure he liked Pete for his slave, almost loved him for it, but there were times when Pete got to him. Being a good slave was one thing, but Pete was almost becoming a “sick” slave.

Dan shrugged. Maybe it was all his fault for treating him the way he did. But damn it, Pete loves it, Dan told himself as he made his way toward the Crow’s Nest.

The bar was packed as usual for a Sunday afternoon. There’d be the usual gang-bang activity in the back, Dan thought as he made his way inside, calling greetings to all the guys he knew.

He ordered a beer and was standing jawing to one of his friends when his buddy nudged his arm and motioned toward the black leather drapes that covered the doorway leading into the Crow’s Nest.

“Shit, will you look what the bus let off,” one of the guys said.

Dan turned toward the door. There, standing in the dim light of the bar, was a young, good-looking dude all dressed up in coat and shirt and tie and trousers.

“Looks like Little Lord Fauntleroy lost his way in the big, bad city,” Dan said with a devilish grin.

The young dude walked up to the bar and edged in between Dan and his friend. “Hi,” the young kid said, smiling, not seeming at all self-conscious about his surroundings. “My name’s Jim,” he said to Dan, sticking out his hand.

“Hi, there, Junior,” Dan said. “Lost?”

“Lost?” Jim looked around. “No, I don’t think so. I work for a T.V. station. I’m just coming from a meeting at the studio. I thought I’d stop and see what the inside of a place like this is really like.”

“And what kind of place is this suppose to be?” Dan asked.

“It’s a fag hangout isn’t it? That’s what they told me.”

“And what would you want to find in a fag hangout?” Dan asked, his voice suddenly getting vicious.

“Oh, the inside stuff. I want to be an actor someday and I like to expose myself to every kind of level of society so I can represent it in my acting.”

Dan’s back started to get stiff. “What level of society do you put us on?”

Jim realized he’d spoken too openly. “Oh, I didn’t mean...” he said, his voice suddenly nervous.

Suddenly Dan laughed. He glanced at his body and said, “What say we show the dude here the workings of his joint, Sandy? Go put a couple of guys at the door and see we don’t get any more strays in here.” Dan turned to Jim again, leaned back a little on the bar, showing even more of his broad bare chest under his leather jacket. “You sure you want to see what goes on inside a fag joint?” he asked.

Jim, nervous and slightly taken aback, said, “Well, maybe I’d better not. I didn’t mean to offend anybody by what I just said.”

Dan sneered. “Nobody’s offended, chum, but I don’t think you should run off just yet. You came to see what goes on and we intend showing you.” With that Dan wriggled out of his jacket; without a moment’s hesitation he dropped his leather pants and there was nothing underneath but a completely naked Dan. Dan kicked off boots and pants and slipped back into his boots and stood up again. Jim managed to get out a half-strangled gasp while Dan calmly picked up his black leather cap and set it at a jaunty angle on his head. Dan was completely nude except for cap and boots, and over six-feet of well-tanned and muscled flesh emphasized by a glitter of heavy chain twisted around one wrist. At his crotch was his bulging thick cock, still shit-slick from fucking Pete’s sore asshole. He started to fondle it.

“As soon as this prick gets hard again,” Dan said, “you’re going to get down on your fuckin’ knees and suck it off for me. If you don’t want that

pretty suit of yours to get all messed up, you'd better strip out of it."

The young actor, Jim, tore his eyes away from the rapidly hardening shaft of Dan's prick and looked up into Dan's face. Dan still wore his half smile, one end of his mouth turned up with pleasure, the other leveled in an expression of implacable determination.

"You're kiddin'," Jim managed to gasp.

"Nope. No kidding here," Dan said. "If you don't want to get your teeth knocked in you'd better do what we want."

Jim started to shake all over. He glanced hurriedly toward the door. Two very big, hairy, muscled leather boys guarded the doorway. There was no escape, he decided. He'd walked in with his eyes wide open and now there was no way to get out.

"STRIP!" Dan yelled, grabbing hold of the young guy's suit jacket.

Jim almost shit his pants. With fumbling fingers he started to unbutton his coat and wriggle out of it before his mind could grasp what his hands were doing. Somebody grabbed the coat but Jim was too busy opening his pants and peeling them off to notice anything more. Trousers, shorts, shoes, socks, everything came off in a tangle. He didn't notice Sandy, who picked up his discarded clothes and tossed them on the bar. Jim's whole body was shaking with fear. He was tearing at the buttons on his shirt—the only thing he had left on his body—but the buttons wouldn't come undone.

"Leave it," Dan ordered. "My cock's already hard, so get to it."

Strong hands grabbed Jim's shoulders and strong arms forced him down until his bare knees touched the sawdust on the floor. Jim was no weakling, or so he thought before this, but he was helpless in Dan's powerful hands. One was on Jim's shoulder, the other behind Jim's head, pulling him forward, closer to the waiting, quivering prick that was sticking almost a foot straight out from Dan's hairy crotch.

"Please," Jim begged. "I can pay you... not much, only don't..."

"Look, Jimmy baby," said Dan. "You wanted some experience. You wanted to know what goes on with queers. Well, now you won't have to pretend a fuckin' bit. You'll know first hand what it feels like to suck a prick and be treated like a fag, right?"

Jim felt Dan's grip loosen. He swayed backward, still on his knees, away from the throbbing prick. His eyes were drawn to it irresistibly, he found, and he leaned forward again. It was tempting... a giant prick... virile and lusty and strong, and it was only a few inches away from his face. His right hand went forward involuntarily and it slid around the strong, hot shaft. The soft heavy balls that hung beneath it looked huge and filled with cum. The red, hot velvety head was only an inch away. Jim put out his tongue without knowing he was doing it and leaned a bit closer. His hand was around the base of the great shaft. It quivered hot and heavy in his grip. He licked, licked again, then started to explore. His mind was blanked out. He kept telling himself he wasn't doing all this without a fight, but he was. He was licking the head of a guy's prick and he wasn't putting up any fight. Was this what he had really come, to experience, and had used research as an excuse? He didn't want to think. He just wanted to be forced to do this guy's bidding. *Oh, Christ*, he thought, as his tongue continued to lick and explore the prick that was jutting out at him. *I'm really a fag myself.*

He licked the cockhead, the sudden valley around its rim, the deep cleft that led to the hole in the head, then he sucked it into his mouth.

He pulled himself off the tasty prick and looked up and met Dan's eyes. The big man was grinning, not a half grin like before but a full, complete smile of triumph.

"You know," said Dan, "a real good cocksucker can get a rod like mine all the way down his throat. All you gotta do is get the head past the back of your mouth and then on down your throat."

With a half sob, Jim bent forward again and touched his lips to the throbbing shaft. It was so big. He had to stretch his lips and jaws wide to get the head in. As he did so, a quick jab of Dan's hips drove the deep-veined manfuck shaft deep into his throat.

Jim had pressed his lips tightly and had just begun to suck when another couple of inches of prick was pushed into his mouth. He sucked harder, another half inch and then suddenly Jim was gagging with a stomach-turning heave. He jerked his head back off Dan's cock and looked up at Dan's naked body with tear-blurred eyes.

“What’s the matter, Jim baby?” Dan asked. “My cock didn’t make you want to barf, did it?” There was no friendliness in his voice. He tightened his fists menacingly.

“N-n-no...” Jim said. He groped for Dan’s prick again. “Only, you went too deep and I never sucked a cock before. Don’t beat on me, man. I’ll be okay if you just don’t...” Jim broke off, swallowed hard and dropped his mouth down on Dan’s prick again.

“So this is your first time, huh?” Dan said. Jim nodded.

“You suck dick like a beginner. I should have known. Don’t sweat it, pretty boy, you’ll be an expert before we let you out of here this afternoon. By the time we’re finished with you, there won’t be a virgin hole in your tender young body.” Dan threw back his head and laughed.

Jim felt Dan twist a bit to one side. He felt the powerful thigh muscles tense as Dan looked down at him. Dan laughed. “I see you’re not exactly objecting to suckin’ cock... at least your cock ain’t objecting.” He laughed again.

Jim blushed scarlet and was only then aware that his own prick was throbbingly erect. His body went hot with shame. All these rough guys watching him, laughing at him, and here he was, kneeling on a sawdust dirty floor sucking on a guy’s big, thick, hot joint. He blamed it on shame that he wanted to hide his head, so he leaned forward and buried his face in Dan’s crotch, sucking his cock deep into his mouth.

“Ah, that’s the way, man, get some movement in your head. Yeah, you’re getting it. Work that fuckin’ tongue around a bit more. That’s the way, kid. You’re swinging now. Watch those fuckin’ teeth... they’re sharp and I don’t want to get my prick all skinned up. My lover won’t like it.”

Dan fell silent. He was breathing hard though and his washboard ripple of stomach muscles tensed and flexed. The thigh muscles were tensing too as Jim smoothed them with his hands as he let the cock slip in and out of his mouth.

All around them the rumble of conversation and the clink of glasses went on. Almost all of Jim’s attention was on the powerful naked guy standing over him, threatening, lusty, hard, demanding. He felt the same demanding sensation from the prick that was fucking his face.

"I'm gettin' there," Dan moaned. "Get ready to take my fuckin' load because I'm going to cum with a fuckin' blast. Keep sucking, Jim baby. Suck. Suck. Harder, man. Come on, Jim, harder, take me. Oh, Christ, man, take me. Here I go. Here's my fuckin' cum. Suck it. Drink it. Gulp it down, you fuckin' lousy little fuckin' cocksucker."

Dan's hips jabbed as he squirted a slippery blast of swirling cum into Jim's mouth. Half of it went straight down Jim's throat. Jim gulped convulsively and swallowed as fast and as hard as he could. Dan's cock spurted again and again and again. Then Jim heard Dan leave out a sigh and relax. Jim, mouthful of hot sticky cum, almost strangled by the jerking shaft as he continued to suck and gulp and swallow. Then he felt the prick being yanked from his mouth. He lurched to his feet and grabbed Dan's arms for support.

Dan steadied him for a moment. He grabbed for a glass on the bar and handed it to Jim. "Here," Dan said. Jim took the glass and downed the beer in one gulp. In a few seconds his stomach settled down. In a few more he began to get his breath back. He turned slowly and looked up at Dan, who towered almost a half foot above him.

Dan was grinning from ear to ear. Jim's eyes dropped to Dan's crotch. The long hot rod, although softer, was still erect and gleaming with Jim's spit.

"Not bad," Dan said. "Not too bad for a beginner... but you got a tendency to bite. How'd you like your first taste of cum, kid?"

Jim suddenly glowered at him. "You should know what cum tastes like, you lousy prick," Jim snapped.

Dan only laughed at him. The kid had spunk after all, Dan decided.

"Give me another drink," Jim said sharply. He started to reach for his pants.

"Whatcha want your pants for, Jimmy boy?" asked Sandy, the friend of Dan's who had watched the whole suck session.

Jim whirled around. Beside him stood a black hairy man and beside that guy stood another, a lithe young guy, naked but for boots and a broad metal-studded leather belt. He also wore a leather cap and a huge, lusty erection.

Jim turned back to Dan, gave him a pleading look and started to say something.

Dan cut him off with a smile. "Hell, you've got lots of guys to take care of before you get out of here, kid," Dan said. His expression looked harder than before. It was as if Jim was looking down the nose of a double barrel shotgun. He felt a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach... yet his cock wasn't going soft, he found.

"No," Jim snapped. "Goddamn it, I want out of here. I sucked you off... what more do you guys want?"

"It ain't what we want," Dan said with a smirk. "Look down at your prick, Jim baby. It's only that we want your cock to get satisfied and obviously it ain't satisfied yet."

"Don't shit me, Jim," Sandy said. "You loved sucking Dan's prick, so why not suck on ours too. You'll like mine just as well. And Brick here." he said, jabbing a thumb in the direction of the guy next to him, "has a really beautiful hunk of meat that's just dying to sink its way down your pretty little neck."

"No," yelled Jim. "The next fuckin' prick gets shoved in my face, I'll bite off." He glared at Brick who just leaned back with a contented smile.

"You know, Jim, there's lots more painful ways of losing your basket than just getting it bit off," Brick said quietly. "Like getting a little boiling oil poured on it, or getting your balls cracked in a vise, real slow like. What's the matter, kid? You're looking sweaty all of a sudden and a little green around the gills. Let me get that shirt off you, kid... see what you look like. Ah, not bad... not bad at all," Brick said as he stripped Jim's shirt off his chest and threw it on the bar. Jim flushed and started to shake again.

"Here, have another drink, kid," Brick said as he grabbed a full bottle of beer and pressed it to Jim's lips. Jim fumbled with the bottle, took a couple of deep swallows and shakily put it down.

"Now get the fuck down on your knees, kid, and get to work."

Brick spun Jim around to face Sandy, the lithe young man beside him, and forced Jim down. Jim fell forward, grabbed the young man's legs for support, and bumped into his out-thrust prick with his chin. He looked up.

Sandy was smirking down at him. Jim wearily dropped his head, touched the warm tip of the shaft with his lips, then slid it in and started to suck on it. Sandy started thrusting with his prick and, before Jim knew what was happening, he felt the prick squirting cum into his mouth.

He was handed a drink which he swallowed fast then another quivering prick was shoved into his face, this one by a guy with beautifully muscled legs who didn't bother to take off his T-shirt. He shot his load. Jim didn't get off his knees but he took a couple of swallows of beer that was handed him to wash down the taste while another guy took his place, this one leather-jacketed. Another one, without a stitch on, but rather nervously gripping a worn billfold, came with a sharp cry of pure delight and Jim sucked and gulped and drank cum until he thought it was going to come out his ears. Then shakily he was allowed to get to his feet.

"Now, damn it, gimme my pants," he said.

Dan, still naked, took a long swig on a bottle of beer. "Jim, old man, you've just taken care of the regulars so far."

Jim took a horrified look around the bar. A few faces looked at him eagerly, hungrily. A youth, looking barely seventeen was stripping out of his leather outfit. A sturdy bastard with a jet black jacket and hair to match, and with golden-tanned skin stood naked, his cock erect and waiting.

"Dan, don't, please don't make me do this." Jim grabbed Dan's arm. "Please."

Dan gently turned Jim around, pushed him one step forward and down. "Don't worry, kid, these guys cum fast."

The afternoon turned into a blur for Jim. It was all just a maze of partly and wholly naked bodies, cocks thrusting stiffly, pumping cum, bare knees sore from the cold floor and every so often another glass of beer. Only once, though, did Jim balk at a shy kid who simply unbuttoned his fly and pulled out an impressively long prick. Jim, finding himself in a blind state of passion, told the kid to strip or he wouldn't suck. He didn't recognize his own voice. He was drunk, he knew, but he wanted to be drunk.

Finally the stream of hot, pulsing cocks came to an end. Wearily and stiffly Jim tottered to his feet. The crowd in the bar had thinned out. Only a scattering of customers remained. Jim's last customer was dressing. Dan

was, still nude, however. Jim glanced down and saw Dan's magnificent prick was stiff again and glistening with something shiny... Vaseline or grease of some kind from a jar that stood on the bar beside him. Jim sighed wearily, took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He was near exhaustion, mouth sore, stiff from what seemed hours on his knees, bending over innumerable throbbing pricks. Inside he was awash with a mixture of cum and beer. He shivered a bit in his nakedness and looked down at himself. His own erection had long since wilted. He still wanted to cum, though, and the thought of wanting to cum sent the blood back into his soft cock. It started to get hard just thinking about all the pricks he'd sucked on during the afternoon.

Jim glanced beside him. Sandy was stripping again, revealing his beautiful muscular definition, but Jim noticed he had less bulk than Dan's powerful physique.

"You're not finished yet, kid," Sandy said.

"Don't sweat, Jim," Dan said. "We'll make it easy for you. I'm good for another round, but I think I'd like a bit of variety and Sandy here likes to watch things first. You must be getting a bit tired of just sucking cock. Ain't you?"

Jim nodded.

"Well, Sandy knows you're tired but he likes getting sucked off, so while you're sucking on his joint, I'll fuck you up the ass. The floor's a bit cold so we'll bend you over that pool table."

"NO!"

"I just said, Jim baby, that I'm plannin' on fucking you in the ass," Dan said, again tightening his fists. "So get over to that fuckin' pool table and drape yourself over it. MOVE!"

"No," Jim sobbed. He whirled and sprinted for the door. Unfortunately Dan's muscles got in the way. Jim was barely halfway when Dan grabbed him and jerked him back.

"Jim," Dan said, "you're all right once we get you going, but it's hell getting you started." He put a thick, warm arm across Jim's shoulders and firmly steered him to the empty pool table. "Okay now, just bend over and

don't wriggle more'n you can help. The more you twist around the more it'll hurt. And whatever you do, don't bite Sandy's prick while you're sucking on it or you'll really be in trouble."

Dan brought him to the table and stood over him, then he spun him around and pushed him over it. Jim's naked chest was flat on the felt top, his head resting in the middle of it. Sandy crawled up on the edge of the table and got on his knees and started toward Jim's face. Jim tried to twist to one side but Dan's hands pinned him down.

"Want to start first, Sandy?" Dan asked.

Sandy shifted into position so he was directly in front of Jim's face. He started to move in, shaft pointed directly at Jim's mouth, but stopped. "You'd better plug his ass first, Dan. He might bite my cock when you shove that big prick of yours up his tight, hot little asshole."

"Oh, go ahead, Sandy," Dan said and laughed. "We haven't had a chance to use that boiling oil for months. Be a sport. Live dangerously. Jim won't bite you if he knows his cock will be dipped in hot oil if he does."

Jim wasn't sure they were kidding or not. He made a last desperate effort to wriggle free, an attempt that left him sweating and out of breath.

"Please don't. I'm afraid," begged Jim. "Don't fuck me, Dan. Please. You'll rip me apart with that prick of yours."

"How about us plugging him together, Dan?" said Sandy. He shifted his hands from Jim's shoulders to Jim's neck and slowly moved forward, driving his broad prickhead right at Jim's mouth. Meanwhile, Dan's hand tightened on Jim's hips. Something hot, blunt and hard was probing at his asshole. Dan found Jim's ass opening and shoved.

Jim gasped. He was just about to get fucked... raped from two directions at once. Sandy's prick was at his closed lips. Dan's prick was wedged up against the opening of his asshole. Involuntarily Jim tightened up the muscles of his ass as he felt Dan trying to force his way in.

"Look, Jim baby," Dan said, "it doesn't make an awful lot of difference to me whether you loosen up your ass or not. Either way, my cock's coming in, so if you want to have an asshole left after I get finished fuckin' with

you..." His voice trailed off as Jim desperately tried to relax himself and open his asshole wide enough to take the irresistible thrust of Dan's prick.

Jim screamed around Sandy's prick when he felt Dan's prickhead breach the gap and dig into his ass. It slid in inch by painful inch. Jim felt his asshole stretch as Dan drove in deeper and deeper. Nothing seemed to be tearing... yet... but Jim wondered if he'd ever get his asshole closed up again. He started to cry. With a quick jab Sandy forced his thick shaft straight between Jim's lips and deep into his throat.

Jim automatically closed his lips and started to suck, doing his best to get his attention away from the pain in his ass as inch by inch of Dan's prick drove deeper and deeper into his body. He had to suck and he had to let Dan fuck him or they'd dip his prick in boiling oil, he told himself.

Finally Jim felt hard hips press tightly against his ass and he knew Dan's dick was in to the hilt. He stayed there against his ass. He rested a second before he pulled his prick out again. Halfway out it went, then back in. He thrust it in and hit bottom with a thump. Then out, in, out, and on into a jarring, thrusting, torturous rhythm that had Jim gasping in pain and, somehow, sexual excitement as well. He could feel his cock rubbing against the table as Dan fucked the shit out of him and he sucked frantically on Sandy's big, hot, beautiful prick.

Jim was sucking, licking, bobbing his head up and down on Sandy's cock until, with an extra deep thrust of his hips; Sandy reached his climax and pumped Jim's mouthful of hot, sticky, creamy, thick cum. Dan fucked faster when he saw his buddy shoot his load into Jim's mouth. He fucked faster and faster. He reached underneath Jim and grabbed hold of his prick. The minute Dan's fingers tightened around his cock, Jim's shot off. The thick hot cum blasted out of him with such force that he thought his asshole was coming out his cockhead as well. He felt Dan's hot cum shooting in his ass as bolt after bolt of hot, searing, tearing cum spewed out of his prick and shot all over the place.

Both his mouth and asshole were dripping with cum. Cum was bubbling from his own cock as the cocks inside his mouth and ass kept pumping, pumping, spewing, spitting hot sticky cum into his body.

Even though the size of Dan's prick made every jab a stab of pain, Jim squirmed and wriggled as he felt the swirling manfuck fluids pumped into him. At last he lapped the final drops out of Sandy's prick and felt Dan start to ease his prick out of the tortured asshole. Jim lay limp and exhausted, draped across the pool table between two virile, still rigid pricks.

When no one moved away from him, Jim suddenly looked back at Dan and saw the still hard cock. "Oh, Christ, you're not going to make me bring you off again?" he gasped.

"No, Jim boy. You did just fine. I see you unloaded a nice lot of cum so we'll take pity on you and let you go."

Jim hesitated. For the first time since he arrived, he suddenly didn't want to leave. He wanted more and more of what had happened to him.

Sandy saw the look of hesitation.

"Come on, Jim baby," Sandy said. "Dan here's got a lover he has to go home to, but I'm free for the night. How's about you and me having a little party at my place? I got some of the best S and M toys you've ever seen."

"S and M?"

Sandy laughed. "You don't know it, kid, but you'll love 'em. Believe me you will."

He took Jim and steered him back to his clothes. Jim finished dressing and, as they walked out of the bar, Sandy turned back to Dan. "I think I found myself as good a slave as your Pete," he said.

"Nobody's that much of a slave," Dan said.

The mention of Pete's name reminded him that his slave-lover was still tied to the pole in the living room. He glanced at his watch as Jim gave him a last, long lingering look and allowed himself to be carted off by Sandy.

"I'd best get back and let my boy off the leash," Dan said to the bartender. "See you later."

"Thanks for the entertainment, Dan."

"Any time."

"It sure was good for business this afternoon."

Dan laughed and walked out of the Crow's Nest. He turned at the corner and headed home.

CHAPTER THREE

“It was the damnedest thing,” Ed Brogin said in answer to a question from the young reporter. He was sitting up in bed with coffee and a cigarette, in a ward of Creighton Hospital. His hands were bandaged.

“We thought for sure the whole place was empty,” Brogin continued. “The manager had gone through banging on doors when he first found the fire. We went through making enough noise to wake the dead. We thought sure everybody was out of there. In fact, we were just ready to use a little explosive on the place to save the other wings when somebody runs up to me. ‘There’s somebody yelling for help,’ he said. ‘In one of the apartments.’”

Brogin had considered the guy who came up to him a typical nut, but he had to check out what he’d been told. That was his job. He got Jerry Clark, his buddy, and the two of them headed back into the burning apartment house.

“And I’ll be damned,” Brogin continued his story, “if we didn’t find somebody. In apartment six, I think it was. We busted down the door and over there in the corner, looking scared as hell, was this poor slob tied to this fuckin’ pole. Can you believe that? To a fuckin’ pole!”

Pete had thought he was dead for sure, a goner. He’d fallen asleep a long while after Dan had left and after Pete had dutifully jacked himself off until there were three neat gobts of cum staining the floor. He woke up later, knowing the place was on fire.

“He had this chain around his neck,” Brogin continued, “chained to the pole. The creep was scared shitless and as naked as the day he was born.

“Jerry tried to pull the chain from the pole while I worked on the collar, but neither end would give. The kid just kept begging us to help him. ‘I’m tryin’,’ I kept telling him.

“Finally I just started knocking the hell out of that pole with my ax. Man, I must have hit that thing fifty times. It was strong as hell. Finally, it started to pull out of the ceiling. I bashed it some more till we were able to

pull it down, get the chain off, and carry the kid outside. He was burned pretty bad.”

The reporter finished the story with the fireman and headed down the hall to a private room. A “No Visitors” sign blocked his way, but he knocked on the door anyway.

His knock was answered by a tall, angry-looking woman. She was dressed in a mannish type suit that didn’t help her looks any. *I’d sure hate to meet her in a dark alley*, the reporter thought.

“What did you want?” the woman asked. She was well into middle-age.

The reporter went into his explanation of who he was and why he was there. He ended up the explanation looking at the door. It had been slammed in his face.

He waited a second then cautiously opened the door a few inches, far enough for him to see inside. It wasn’t the nicest thing in the world to do, he knew, but goddamn it, he was a reporter and he had to get his story.

The room was dimly lit. The large woman had returned to her chair next to the bed. In the bed was “a body.” That’s all he could make it out to be.

The lower part of that body was covered with a sheet, the upper with bandages. Only eye slits and a nose and mouth slit indicated there was something alive underneath.

He stared at the bed until the woman turned in her chair and looked back at him. She suddenly seemed very tired. “Would you please leave us alone?” she said.

The reporter left. He could get what he needed for his story from the floor nurse.

“Who was that, mother?” a voice from the bed said after the door clicked shut.

“A reporter,” she said. “I sent him away.”

“I guess everybody knows what happened,” the voice continued.

“Yes, Pete. *Everybody* knows what happened.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Dan started back toward the apartment house. He was three-quarters in the bag, so to speak, but the last fucking and sucking session had helped sober him up a bit. He couldn't figure out why he'd been so fuckin' soft on that Jim character. The kid was obviously an "M", even though he didn't realize it yet.

Dan could still picture the look Jim gave him when Sandy led him out. The kid obviously wanted Dan. That thought made Dan feel real good. He liked other guys to admire him... want him. *There's something about the way a "slave" looks at you that gives you a hard-on feeling all over*, Dan told himself. He shook his head. Yeah, he sure as shit would have liked to take that Jim kid home, but Pete would hit the ceiling, he knew.

Let him hit the ceiling, Dan thought. He could manage Pete. He always has managed him. *Fuckin' stupid, fucked-up slave*.

Someday something terrible was going to happen to Pete. Dan felt it. He knew he was letting himself drink too much when he had Pete out for a good time. He never used to drink and get really rough with Pete, but lately he'd been drinking more and enjoying it less.

Oh, well, things'll take a turn for the better, he thought. When he looked down the street and saw the police cars and the fire trucks, he thought his thinking was wrong.

The next three days were hell. He spent them in jail, and the worst part was that he made the newspapers, picture and story on the first page. The picture was right in the center of the bottom half, and in the story, Dan was described as being everything from "a self-admitted sadist" to "an alleged sexual pervert."

The police themselves were surprisingly mild and fair in their treatment of him. It was the other inmates of the jailhouse who made life miserable for Dan. To them, he was about the lowest form of humanity. Almost every night Dan had to fight for his honor, his asshole, and his life.

He succeeded in protecting only the last.

Both Pete and his mother had refused to press charges—they said they didn’t want the publicity—but Dan was held those three days anyway for psychiatric tests. Every morning at ten he was taken over to Creighton Hospital where all sorts of weird looking doctors attached him to weird machines then asked him thousands of weird questions.

It wasn’t those sessions with the doctors that bothered Dan the most. His mind was all right; he knew that. It was the time he spent in the cells between visits to the hospital.

The area where he was kept above the courthouse was called the “holding area.” Anybody about to be shipped to any prison facility in the state, or who was being examined, was kept in that area. It wasn’t the greatest place in the world.

Dan was put, in his own clothes, into a cell with five other men. They each had a bunk, but had to share one small washstand and one toilet. They were allowed showers once a week, if any of them stayed that long. The place smelled like a goddamned stockyard.

Five minutes after he’d been put in the cell, Dan was a celebrity of sorts. He didn’t tell anybody why he was there, but some punk in the next cell had a newspaper. He recognized Dan from the photograph and made the discovery common knowledge throughout the area.

For some reason Dan’s crime seemed most to disturb a big red-neck farmer who was in for raping a waitress. He was being held for psychiatric examination too.

“He was a lot smaller than you, wasn’t he?” the farmer, whose name was Arley, asked.

“Not much,” Dan said. “Just an inch shorter and about ten pounds lighter.”

“Well, how in the fuck would you like to try somethin’ like that with somebody who ain’t smaller than you?” Arley continued. He hopped down off the bunk. He was totally naked and his huge beer gut bulged out. He was huge, but without definition. Ham arms, thick hairy wrists, a neck that would scare a bullfighter. His body, except for the neck and arms, was pale white, as though it had never seen the sun.

"Look, buddy," Dan said, "that kid liked what I did to him. He's a friend of mine. We just had an accident."

Arley kept walking closer. "Well, suppose you was to have an accident?" he said. "Like havin' your fuckin' balls pulled off or somethin' like that?"

That's when Dan decided he'd better make a stand right then or get killed. "Listen, motherfucker," he snarled. "Get back on that fucking bunk. If you take one more step I'm gonna bash in your ugly face. You got that?"

That stopped Arley for a while. At least he figured he'd better not try anything with Dan alone. He'd get help and see what would happen during the night. He turned and got back on his bunk. "Talk to you later," he said.

Dan didn't want to fall asleep, but he eventually had to. He knew that as soon as he did, something would happen. It did.

Dan had an abhorrence of being fucked. Even the thought of having someone stick their cock up his asshole made him physically ill. That hang-up had been with him for years, since he was a kid. Dan even knew why he had the hang-up, but that didn't help.

He'd been thirteen at the time. A well-built good-looking kid who was always getting into trouble, not so much because he was a bad kid but because he was mostly bored at home. There was so many better things for him to do than sit home and be good.

Three days after school let out in his thirteenth year, Dan ran away from home. He was, he said, going to join the circus. That there wasn't a circus within two-thousand miles didn't bother him a bit. He had read somewhere that the circuses were headquartered in some town in Florida. So, naturally, when he ran away from home, he headed straight for the railroad yards, looking for a freight train that would take him to Florida.

He got to the train yards just as the sun was rising on a Monday morning. There was nobody around except for one man leaning against the wheel of a train, softly playing a guitar.

He wasn't old, didn't look drunk and even looked halfway nice, so Dan decided to ask his help. Dan asked if any of those trains were going to Florida.

“You want to go to Florida, kid?” the man asked.

Dan nodded.

“Well, plop your ass right down next to me,” the man said. “Because when this train starts movin’, we’re gonna have to move fast.” He looked Dan up and down while he was talking.

“Is it going to Florida?” Dan asked. He was getting all excited by that time.

“Sure as hell is,” the man answered, “and we’re both gonna be on it.”

An hour later they were inside an empty freight car, moving south. The man was still playing his guitar and Dan was still excited.

Ten hours later, as the train pulled to a stop, Dan wasn’t as excited as he had been. The trip was more boring than staying at home. The man who was with him, his name was Randy, offered little diversion except for his rotten strumming of that guitar.

When the train stopped, Randy got up and cautiously opened the door. He peeked out. Everything was clear. “C’mom, kid,” he said, “we’re in Dotten, a wonderful little suburb. I know some of the best people in town.”

Dan scrambled down after Randy and they walked down the tracks. “By the way,” Randy said, “my gut is empty. You don’t by any chance have enough money to buy a bite or two?”

Dan looked at him and shook his head. “That’s unfortunate, my young friend,” Randy said. “You didn’t come very well prepared. That means we have to find some other means of sustaining ourselves. We’ll pay a visit to Mr. Smalley.”

Dan didn’t know who in hell Mr. Smalley was, but he would have followed Randy over a cliff if it meant getting something to eat. He’d never been so hungry in his life.

They walked what seemed like miles until Dan spotted a neon sign. It was a roadhouse with large diesel trucks parked in front. Randy went around to the back door.

He knocked and a surly looking cook finally came to see who was making the noise. Randy asked him to tell Mr. Smalley that he wanted to

see him.

About fifteen minutes later a huge fat man with a large mop of dirty, unruly hair came to the door. He was scowling until he saw Randy, then his face lit up.

“Back in town again, huh, asshole?” he asked.

Randy nodded. “Yes sir, Mr. Smalley, and I brought a young friend for you to meet. I thought after you met him you might be willing to supply us with something to eat.”

Smalley didn’t answer. He came over to Dan and looked at him. “He’s a right fine-looking lad,” Smalley said. “I think we can do business.”

“Could I eat while you and the boy are getting... acquainted?” Randy asked.

“No way, asshole,” Smalley answered. “I always test the merchandise before paying.” He laughed evilly.

Dan wasn’t a dumb kid. He knew that something was going on that involved him, but he wasn’t sophisticated enough to know exactly what his involvement would be. He soon found out.

“Take him back to the shack,” Smalley said. “I’ll be out in a minute.” He walked back into the kitchen.

Randy led Dan past the roadhouse to a dark, beat-up cabin. Inside, Randy flicked on a light switch. A low-wattage, naked bulb hung from the ceiling. A half-collapsing bed, topped by a moldy matters, was the only furnishings.

“What’s goin’ on?” Dan asked. He was getting a little scared.

“Nothing for you to worry about, kid,” Randy assured him. “You just be nice to Mr. Smalley and we’ll be eating like kings.”

Dan didn’t ask what “being nice to Mr. Smalley” involved. He couldn’t even comprehend of what Randy was expecting of him.

They sat on the bed and waited for Mr. Smalley, who, when he finally arrived, started to raise all kinds of hell with Randy. “Ain’t you got him

ready yet?" he screamed. "You know I got customers back there to take care of. Can't let this take all night."

Randy looked at Dan. "Take your clothes off, kid," he said. That's when Dan started to fight, only it didn't do him any good. They both worked on him.

His clothes were ripped off his back until he was standing by the bed totally naked, his legs shaking like leaves.

Smalley walked up to him and pushed him backward onto the bed. Randy immediately grabbed his arms and held them over his head. Dan began to yell and buck, twisting his hips away from Smalley's hands, but the fight didn't last long. After only a minute or two Dan was pinned down, helpless. He lay there and watched as Smalley pulled his cock out of his pants. He watched Smalley spit in his hand then spread the saliva over his cock. He watched as Smalley approached the bed.

It was the most painful thing he had ever felt in his life. Smalley's full weight was on top of him. Dan could smell the man's lousy breath, smell his body. It made him sick.

With Randy holding his legs and ropes tied to his arms, Dan had to take that cock. It wasn't particularly big, but Dan's asshole was virgin and he was nervous and scared. He bled for three days afterward.

Dan could barely touch the bowl of soup, cup of coffee and hamburger that Randy put in front of him. His asshole hurt like hell and he was sick with shame at what had been done to him.

"You gotta eat, kid," Randy said. "You're a long way from home and you ain't got a dime. You gotta eat."

"Why did you make me do that?" Dan asked. He was close to tears. "I could have worked for some money. You didn't have to do that."

Randy put his arm around Dan. Dan tried to get away, but the older man held him tight. "Listen, kid," he said. "You spent ten minutes with that creep and it got us a meal. Do you know how long they'd expect you to work for this same meal? I tried that route. It's lousy."

"What you made me do ain't any better," Dan said.

"I know how you feel, kid," Randy said. "I've been sellin' my asshole for five years. It's no fun, but it sure does beat work."

"You really let him do that to you?" Dan asked. He stared up at Randy.

"Yeah, a lot of times," Randy said. "Only he's not interested in my asshole any more. Just those I can bring to him. He's a one-hundred per cent creep."

Dan stared at the plate in front of him for a long while, thinking. He reached down and picked up the hamburger. "Well, I already had the worst part," he said. "I might as well enjoy the best." With the first bite, his hunger returned like water out of a busted dam. The food made his asshole feel just a little better, too.

Randy and Dan spent the next two weeks together, traveling south. In almost every town they stopped, Randy seemed to know somebody who'd trade food or money for a crack at fucking Dan's asshole. Dan hated it more than anything else in the world, but he did it, he said, because he was stuck.

On the last night before the cops picked Dan up in northern Florida, and eventually sent him home, Randy cemented the impression of the whole trip in Dan's mind. They were lying next to each other in a boxcar, trying to sleep, when Dan felt Randy's hand in his crotch.

Dan had never had sex before, except for a lot of jack-off sessions and of course for the times his ass had been fucked, but he didn't count that. After all there was no pleasure involved in that for him.

Dan didn't say anything or move, but let Randy's hand gently run over his cock through his pants. His cock was roaring hard. Eventually, Randy unzipped Dan's pants and pulled the kid's cock out. He leaned over and started to suck on it.

The feeling that Dan got was indescribable. He never realized how good he could feel nor how excited he could get.

When Randy discovered that Dan wasn't going to object to the suck job, he decided to fulfill a few of his fantasies.

"Stand up," he said, and Dan stood up. Randy continued to suck on his cock.

Randy pulled a worn belt out from around his waist. He took his mouth off Dan's cock long enough to hand him the belt.

"Beat my back with this," he said, his voice high with excitement. He stripped off his shirt then bent back to Dan's cock.

Dan raised the belt and brought it gently down across Randy's back. "Harder, you fuckin' little asshole," Randy shouted as he lifted his head from Dan's prick. "Act like a goddamned man instead of taking cock up the asshole all the time. Beat the hell out of me."

Dan became furious when he heard Randy talking to him like that. He wasn't going to take it. Randy knew he didn't want to take cock up the ass. Why did he say things like that? He lifted the belt and brought it down as hard as he could on Randy's back.

He felt the man lurch as the belt left a welt across his back, and Randy groaned out his pleasure. He pulled off Dan's cock again and looked at him. "C'mon, creep," he shouted. "Show me you're a man, beat the hell out of me."

Dan did it. He lashed at Randy's back until the entire area was crisscrossed with cuts and welts, and still Randy sucked his cock and cursed at him to beat him harder.

Finally the cocksucking got to Dan and he had to shoot his nuts off. He forgot all about the belt. He let it drop from his hand as he felt his cum build up in his balls. His cock felt like it was going to explode. He grabbed Randy's head and pulled it farther on his cock. He felt his cock wedged all the way down Randy's throat, and then he shot. It was beautiful.

CHAPTER FIVE

Arley and his buddies made their move in the middle of the first night Dan spent in the cell. He was dead to the world, after fighting sleep for hours.

They ripped his shorts off. Dan wasn't even aware of waking up. He suddenly found himself standing naked with his back against a wall, his fists cocked and surrounded by five grinning faces.

"Go on and yell, queer," Arley shouted. "The guards know what's goin' on. They'd be back here helping out if they could."

That was a lie and Dan knew it. The guards had been good to him. Dan didn't want to yell for any guards. He wanted this fight to be his, to win or lose. If he called the guards and they broke it up, it would only happen again the next night, or the next. Better to get it over with.

"Look at that prick on him," Arley continued. He was one of those guys who equated banter with confidence. "And he don't even use the damned thing."

"I use it a hell of a lot more than you do," Dan spat back. "At least I don't have to rape somebody to get 'em to fuck with me. They just lay down on their backs and open wide for me."

"Little fuckass boys. That's who you rape," Arley called back. Dan noticed that he stayed well behind his four friends. "Queer!"

"What's the matter, Arley," Dan said. "You jealous? Just 'cause I wouldn't fuck you when you asked me."

"That's a goddamned fuckin' lie," Arley shouted. He was pissed, so he made a mistake. He came on first.

Five of them eventually overpowered Dan, but not before he delivered two haymakers right at Arley's face. The farmer didn't go down; he was strong as an ox. He was hurt and mad. Dan figured he probably broke the asshole's nose.

They all had him. They got him down on his belly on the floor of the cell, jammed a pillow under his ass and took their turns fucking him. They were rough and they hurt him like hell. Dan vomited all over the place at just the thought of what was happening to him. Those cocks pushing against his asshole brought back all those memories of Mr. Smalley and all those other creeps who had fucked his ass when he was a kid, but he survived.

They left him lying on the floor when they were finished with him, cum and a little blood dripping out of his ass.

Dan stumbled to his feet and went right for the toilet. He squatted on it and shit out all their cum and blood. He splashed his face then threw himself, belly down, on his bunk. He was finished for the night. At least now he could sleep in peace.

Dan's sleep lasted perhaps a half hour. Again he was awakened. A single hand came down on his shoulder, shaking him gently. Dan opened his eyes and looked up.

It was the youngest guy in the cell who was standing over him. He had thick blue-black hair, a sharply featured face, and a well-defined and perfectly proportioned body. He had been one of those who had fucked Dan just a little while before.

Dan wasn't angry, he just didn't want to be disturbed. "That's all there is, kid," he said. "The ass has had it."

"No. That's not what I want," he said. "I just wanted you to know that I really didn't want to do that, they sort of made me. I wanted you to know that I'm sorry, really."

Dan quickly surveyed the terrain. The guy had a tremendous body and a good healthy sized cock.

"Is there anything else you wanted to mention?" Dan asked.

"Well..." he stammered, "I just wanted to say... well, you know..."

"C'mon, get it out," Dan urged.

"I just wanted you to know that maybe sometime, if you wanted to, it could be just the two of us. Not like tonight, you know, but anyway you wanted it."

“What’s your name, kid?” Dan asked.

“Tony.”

“I’d like that,” Dan said. “Just the two of us, and my way.” Tony nodded.

“So why don’t you suck my cock,” Dan said. “Just to show you’re sincere.”

“Not here,” Tony said, looking around frantically. “Christ, they’d never let me alone.”

“Just put your mouth on it, baby.” Tony looked around again, then he hesitantly lowered his face. Dan felt his mouth brush against his cock, and then the head being swallowed. Tony was a good cocksucker.

“That’s enough, kid,” Dan said after only a few seconds. “No use getting yourself in trouble.”

Tony pulled off, stood up, and then sat down on the edge of Dan’s bunk. Dan reached over and took a handful of the kid’s cock. “What’re you in here for?” Dan asked.

“Drunk driving,” Tony answered. “I’ve got four more days to do.”

“Then I’ll tell you what,” Dan continued. “Let’s keep our cocks under control and I’ll see you when you get out. I’ll give you my telephone number and we’ll get together where no harm can be done.”

“I guess you’re right,” Tony agreed, “but I’m so fucking hot. I guess there’s no use letting these guys know I’m one of the boys. They’d swamp me.”

“Right,” Dan agreed, “so go back to bed. See you in a couple of days.”

Tony stood up and started to walk back to his own bunk. He turned back. “I like it rough,” he whispered.

“I know you do,” Dan said and grinned. He flipped over on his side and went back to sleep.

CHAPTER SIX

When they took the bandages off Pete's face for the first time, the nurse didn't have the presence of mind to turn the chest mirror away. Pete caught a glimpse of himself and immediately began to sob.

His face looked like a piece of raw pork, pink and bloated with heavy layers of scar tissue.

The doctor said they'd get him back to looking good again, but it would take time.

"How much time?" Pete asked.

"Well, if you want the truth," the doctor said, "It's going to take three operations. We schedule them six months apart."

Pete didn't say anything, he just stared ahead. A year and a half of looking like this. He didn't think he could face it.

The doctor seemed to read his thoughts. "Of course," he said, "you'll look better after each operation, until we've got you back to normal."

"How long before the first operation?" Pete asked.

"Six months, I'm afraid, Pete," the doctor said. "We have to give your body and your system time to heal and adjust."

"You mean I have to look like this for six months?" Pete asked. He didn't believe it. He'd kill himself first.

"The discoloration and puffiness will slowly disappear," the doctor said. "Within a week you'll look one hundred percent better than you do now."

The doctor replaced the bandages and left the room. Pete and his mother were alone.

"Did Dan call, mother?" Pete asked.

"Who?"

"You know who I mean," Pete said, feeling very tired. "Dan, the guy who chained me to the pole."

“No, he didn’t.”

“No letter either?”

“No. No letter.”

Pete’s mother was lying and Pete knew it, but what could he do? Actually Dan had tried to visit Pete the first day he got out of jail. Pete’s mother wouldn’t let him in. Dan then tried writing a letter and Pete’s mother intercepted it. Finally, after several more attempts to contact Pete, Dan gave up. The old lady had won.

His mother had Pete’s life, at least the next several months, all mapped out for him. She rented a house far out in the country, where she and Pete would live while he recuperated. They’d drive into the city only for trips to the doctor and to the hospital.

“Mother, I’ll go nuts out there,” Pete protested when all her plans were revealed to him.

“Darling,” his mother said, “these operations you’re going to have are very expensive. If you want them, you’re going to have to do as I say.”

Pete nodded. He knew when somebody had him by the balls.

The house that his mother had rented was so idyllic it made Pete want to vomit. It was a small house with two bedrooms, nestled in a grove of aspen trees. The place even had a fucking brook trickling through it that made Pete feel like he had to piss all the time.

He hated the house and as the days turned into weeks then months, he grew to steadily hate his mother.

His first operation was a resounding success. The major cosmetic part of the reconstruction was done that first time, and when the bandages were removed, Pete saw a returning glimmer of the good looks he had once had. At least now he wasn’t ashamed to be seen in daylight.

Now that he was looking better, his urge to escape the womb only increased. He’d been having daily beat-off bouts with his hand, but that

gave him little real satisfaction. What he wanted was a real out-and-out, no-holds-barred scene, preferably with Dan.

Dan was all he thought about, all he dreamed about. He saw his body and cock, relived all the sex scenes they'd had. Pete was slowly going insane from frustration.

On the day Pete was due for his third visit to the doctor after the operation, his mother told him that she was feeling terrible and Pete would have to go to town alone. She just wasn't up to it.

"Do you think you can handle the car all right?" she asked.

Pete looked at her. He was ecstatic and trying not to show it. "I think so, Mother," he said. "If I have any problem I'll just pull to the side of the road and call a cab."

His mother seemed satisfied with that answer and she gave him an extra fifty dollars in case cab became necessary. Pete almost danced out to the car. He was going to make it to town, pay a flying visit to the doctor then spend every last cent she'd given him. He'd get drunk, look up Dan and get fucked for hours. That would happen to him.

"I escaped from my mother, Doc," Pete said as soon as he entered the doctor's office. "So make this fast, I've got some living to do."

The doctor smiled and merely glanced at Pete's face and chest. "You're doing fine," he said and patted Pete's ass. "Go on. Have a good time." Pete's doctor was a very sympathetic man.

Pete's first stop was the apartment house where he and Dan had lived, only that whole wing of the building wasn't there, and neither was Dan.

Pete went to the manager's apartment and asked if Dan had left a forwarding address.

"He left one, but that was a long time ago," the manager said. "Let's see if I've still got it."

It seemed like it took an hour for the man to get back to the door. "I must have thrown it out," he said. "Sorry." He stared at Pete for a split second. "Say, tell me. What in the hell were you guys doin' with you tied up like that?"

Pete thanked the man for his trouble and walked away. He wasn't about to explain that he enjoyed having the shit knocked out of him.

The next stop was the Crows' Nest. Pete parked the car and walked in. It was the middle of the afternoon, mid-week. The place wasn't crowded. Pete looked around and realized that he didn't recognize anybody. All the faces were new.

Finally he spied a familiar figure, all in leather, in the back of the room. The man was talking to a young kid and squeezing hell out of the kid's nipples.

Pete walked up and stood behind the man. "Hey, excuse me," he said. The man turned around, looking angry as hell.

"Fuck off, creep," he said.

"Wait a minute," Pete said. "I just wanted to know if you remembered Dan Carmichael and maybe know where he's living."

The man thought a minute then let loose of the kid's nipples in front of him. He turned and faced Pete. Pete's memory instantly flashed back to that party at Tom's where this same guy had stood over him and whispered that if Dan ever threw him out, Pete always had a home with him. Now the man barely had a second to answer a question.

"You're the kid who used to live with Dan, aren't you?" he asked. Pete nodded.

"Christ, you sure did get messed up," he added, which made Pete feel real great.

"Look," Pete said. "I didn't come here for an evaluation of my looks. I just wondered if you knew where he's living."

"I don't keep track of that asshole," the guy said, "but I heard he's living somewhere over near Cranston."

Pete was ready to thank the guy and leave when an idea hit him. "You once told me," he said, "that if I ever needed a place to stay, just to let you know."

The man looked at him. "That was a long time ago," he said. "Things have changed."

“Gotcha,” Pete said and left the bar. He knew exactly where he stood now. He might look a lot better than he had before that first operation, but he still had a long way to go. He was ugly as shit and he knew it. It wasn’t only his face; his chest and even his ass were all scarred. He looked like something out of a fucking horror movie.

Since he knew that Cranston was a short residential street that dead-ended after only about a half block, Pete headed there. He started at one end checking mailboxes, going from one apartment house to another until he found what he was looking for.

Dan’s name was listed in one of the apartment buildings, and underneath his name was someone else’s, a name Pete didn’t recognize.

He headed for apartment six and rang the bell. No answer. He rang again. Finally he heard someone stumbling toward the door. He felt himself getting excited as the noise inside got closer. The door opened but it wasn’t Dan.

“Does Dan Carmichael live here?” Pete asked.

The man at the door looked like he had just come out of hibernation. A long stubble of beard coated his chin, his eyes were half closed, and he was wearing just a pair of Levi’s.

“He’s not here,” the man said irritably.

“You his roommate?” Pete asked. He had decided the guy was damned fine looking, or would be if he hopped into a shower and got a shave.

“Nah, I’m just a friend. He’s letting me crash here. They won’t be back until late tonight, about eleven.”

Pete thanked the guy and started to walk away. He was unhappy about the fact that the guy at the door showed no interest in him at all. Not even a look-over. *Christ*, Pete thought, *I must really look bad*. Or maybe the guy was just sleepy.

Pete was also unhappy at the way he had said *they*. Dan and who else? They, a pair. Dan and somebody.

Pete was still excited from the prospect of seeing Dan again and his cock was hard inside his pants. Shit, it would be at least eight hours before

Dan got home. *Maybe*, Pete thought, *I can find somebody who's interested in a slightly scarred ass to fuck.* Maybe even somebody who might want to knock him around a little.

He headed toward a really rough leather bar. The Crows' Nest was kids' play compared to the Pen.

He could feel the excitement building up in him as he approached the place. He had been here only once before, with Dan, and had had his ass used all night by a whole string of guys in the back room.

He ducked under the black curtain at the entrance and walked inside. He stood by the door, letting his eyes get accustomed to the gloom.

There were about ten men inside, all leaning up against the bar. Pete didn't know any of them. He got some curious looks when he first walked in, but as he got closer to the bar the looks got indifferent, then disappeared altogether. Nobody was interested!

He ordered a beer from a big hairy gorilla behind the bar and stood there, hoping somebody would walk up to him, anybody. The ugliest freak in the place. Just somebody that was interested in him.

He waited ten minutes and nobody paid the least bit of attention to him. He picked up his beer and walked into the back room, the action room. It was back there that Dan had put him belly down on a dirty mattress and made his asshole available to anybody that was interested. There had been a lot of guys interested that night.

The back room was empty. Sure, it would be. After all, it was the middle of the afternoon. He leaned against one of the stacks of beer cases, hoping somebody from the front room would follow him back there. Pete wanted to get fucked so bad his asshole was twitching.

He waited and waited and finally heard footsteps coming his way. He turned his back to the doorway. Let whoever was coming see him from the back. He still looked great from the rear.

His strategy worked. As he stood there, his cock aching hard in his hands, he finally felt a hand being run over his ass. "Nice buns," a heavy, deep voice said behind him.

Pete didn't turn around. He was afraid to. The hand continued to massage his ass, then it grabbed a handful of his lift cheek and squeezed it painfully. Pete's cock lurched with excitement. A large hand moved around to his front and reached inside his shirt. The hand grabbed Pete's nipple, squeezing it hard. Pete moaned in excitement.

"Horny little cunt, ain't ya?" the voice asked. Pete felt hands on his shoulders and he was turned around. He closed his eyes because he seemed to sense what was going to happen.

"Jesus," the voice said and the hands dropped away. Pete opened his eyes. He was looking at a beer-gutted slob that six months ago he wouldn't have paid any attention to at all, but now he wanted that guy to be interested in him more than anything in the world.

The man started to walk away. "Hey," Pete called after him. "You interested in anything at all?"

Without turning, the man called back. "I got a buddy up front. We have to get goin'."

Pete had to have some cock. "Would you be interested," he called after the retreating figure, "if you got paid for it?"

The man stopped. He turned and looked at Pete. "How much and what're ya lookin' for?" he asked.

"Twenty bucks," Pete said, hating his own guts for having to say it, "and I want it rough."

"What about my buddy?" the man asked. "You want him, too?"

"How much?"

"Twenty each."

"Okay." Pete answered without hesitation. He wished he could see the look on his mother's face if she knew what he was spending her money for. He hadn't even seen the guy's buddy. He didn't even know what he looked like. *Christ, what difference does it make?*

He quickly finished off his beer, wishing that he could be stoned. He waited for the man and his friend to come back. If they skipped out on him

that would be the final blow to his ego. He was hoping against hope that they'd come back.

They finally walked through the doorway. "I'm Jim," the one that Pete had already met said, "and this is Andy."

Andy was a Mexican, a very decent looking guy. Much better than Jim. He didn't seem too eager to start messing around with Pete.

"We want the money first," Jim said. Pete reached into his pocket and brought out a wad of bills. He counted out twenty and handed it to Jim. "You get twenty now," he said, "and twenty later."

The deal was okay with them. When Andy saw the actual money, his interest loomed.

"Okay," Jim said, "let's go."

"Aren't we going to do anything here?" Pete asked. He had visions of being fucked by them while the whole barfull of guys stood around watching, hopefully wanting to participate.

"Nope," Jim answered. "Andy's got a good place to use. We're goin' over there."

Pete followed them out of the bar. Obviously, everybody in the place knew that a money transaction had taken place. As Pete got near the door, someone yelled to him, "Make sure you get your money's worth." The whole place laughed.

Andy's place was a good place to go. He had every S&M toy in the book. A large stretch rack dominated the room. A chest full of whips, ropes, chains, clips and other assorted accessories was on one side.

As soon as they were inside the door, Jim turned to Pete. "Get down on your fuckin' knees, you goddamned ugly freak."

Pete slipped down to his knees, his chest heaving with excitement. His cock was so hard in his pants that it actually hurt him to move.

Andy headed for the kitchen for some beer while Jim stripped out of his clothes. Naked, he stood straight and looked at Pete. "Get on your back," he

said. Pete did what he was told.

Immediately Jim walked over to him, straddled him, and lowered his body. He settled his ass right on top of Pete's face. "Somebody who looks like you ain't good for much else but to suck ass," Jim said. "So suck mine."

Pete fumbled with his fly and got his cock out as he leaned up and stuck his tongue into the stinky crack of the ass above him. The guy needed a bath. He was dirty as hell, but Pete didn't care. He was having sex; rough, dirty sex and that's what he wanted.

He licked and sucked on that ass until he had it shiny clean. Then Jim stood up. He took a beer that Andy offered him. "Your turn," he said, and Andy took over. He dropped his pants and straddled Pete's body. He lowered himself until Pete could reach his asshole with his tongue.

For the next fifteen minutes at least, Pete licked and sucked on Andy's asshole as they drank their beer and made cracks about how fucking ugly he was. Pete's cock stayed rock hard.

Finally that game paled for them. Andy stood up and stripped off his clothes. He had a great looking body.

As Andy was standing there, Jim took hold of his cock and started to jack it. "What do you want to do with him?" Jim asked. "Hang him up?"

"Why don't we just strap him belly down to the bench?" Andy said. "That way we can fuck 'im without lookin' at that goddamned face."

Jim nodded his agreement. "Get out of your clothes, creep," he said. Pete instantly stood up and started to take off his clothes.

"Christ, you got scars all over your body," Andy said.

"I was burned pretty bad a while back," Pete explained. "I'm having them taken care of with plastic surgery, but it takes a long time."

"You got a good body, kid, except for them scars," Jim said.

Andy pulled a waist high, leather padded table out from the wall and told Pete to bend over it. When he was in position, his arms were pulled down and strapped in place. His ankles were tied to the bottom lets of the table.

Jim stuffed a small pillow underneath his cock. His ass was now sticking up in the air, ready to be used.

"You go first," Andy said. "I'm gonna need some more beer for this."

The bigger man stepped up behind Pete. He started to swat Pete's ass with his open palm, hard swats. Pete's ass was stinging after the second one, but still Jim kept hitting him.

"I'm gonna keep poundin' your ass until my cock gets hard," Jim said. Ten, twelve, fifteen times he slammed his palm against Pete's stretched and defenseless asscheeks until they were numb with pain. Finally, his cock got hard.

Without any grease he pressed his cockhead up against Pete's asshole and shoved, as fast as that.

It had been a lot of months since Pete had had a cock up his ass, and it was tight. He shrieked in pain as Jim's cock jammed inside his asshole. The cock caused a terrible, searing pain. Pete tried to get away from the cock, the pain, but he couldn't. He was tied too tight.

"Thatta boy," Jim said. "I like 'em to fight a little."

Pete wasn't pretending. He was in terrible pain and he wanted to get away from that prick.

Jim's cock was thick and he had shoved the entire length deep into Pete's asshole with one fuck. Pete felt as though he was being split wide open.

As Jim continued to ride that ass under him, the pain turned to that mixture of pleasure and needed pain. Pete began to moan, but now it was in pleasure. He wanted that cock; that cock felt so good shoved and jammed up his ass. He wanted the fuck to last forever.

Andy was back in the room by that time, standing near Pete's face. He casually reached down and lifted his cock. He aimed his cockhead at Pete and started to piss. The yellow fluid flooded out of him, all over Pete's face, in his mouth, in his hair. It came so fast and in such volume that for a few seconds he couldn't get any air.

Jim was working on Pete's ass, still, when he and Andy started a conversation. "With a face like that," Andy said, "maybe the asshole likes to eat shit."

Pete shook his head violently. No, he wouldn't eat shit.

"And maybe," Andy continued, "he'd like to feel some dog cock up that ass."

Again Pete shook his head. He'd never done anything with animals. For Christ sake, not with animals. All he wanted was a good hour of hard fucking. That's all.

"Why don't you call Dimity and get him and that mutt over here," Jim said. He was still fucking Pete's ass.

"Well, it's for goddamned sure I'm not fuckin' that ugly ass," Andy said. "Maybe that crazy mutt won't mind."

Jim pulled his cock out of Pete's ass. He had seemed to be having a good time until Andy started in on how ugly the ass was. Jim looked down at Pete's body tied below him. The kid had a good shape. It was just those puffy scars that were such a turn off. Too goddamned bad.

Pete heard Andy talking to somebody from the other room, then heard the phone click. Andy walked back in. "He'll be over in ten minutes," he said.

"I don't want any dogs," Pete said. He was getting scared and turned off.

"I don't give a shit what you want, dreamboat," Andy said. "We got a few surprises for you tonight."

While they were waiting for their buddy and his dog to show, they untied Pete, but tied his wrists together in front of him. Andy grabbed him by the hair and pulled him toward the bathroom. He pushed Pete to his knees in front of the toilet. Pete looked down into the filthy bowl. It looked like it hadn't been cleaned in six months and the smell was rotten.

"Okay, mother, lick that clean," Andy said and started to laugh. A wild, almost insane laugh. Pete didn't move.

“I said lick it,” Andy screamed and he lashed out, catching Pete in the side with his foot. Pete fell against the wall and immediately a hand was in his hair, pulling him back to a kneeling position.

“You gonna lick that out or do I have to really knock the shit out of you,” Andy said.

“Hey, buddy,” Pete said, his voice cracking with fear. “I’ll pay you, but how about letting me go? This’s getting too strong for me.”

Pete felt another vicious kick to his side from Andy’s foot. Again he went sprawling against the wall and again he was pulled to a kneeling position by the hair.

“I ain’t kidding, creep,” Andy said. “You lick that bowl or so help me God, I’ll kill you.” Pete looked up at him. He looked totally serious but still Pete couldn’t bring himself to lower his face. He just couldn’t.

He felt a short, terrible pain on his back. For an instant he didn’t know what caused it, but then realized that Andy was putting lighted matches against his skin. Pete started screaming, more from fear of fire than fear of the matches.

Andy continued lighting matches from a box and putting them against Pete’s back until Pete was willing to lower his face into that filthy toilet bowl.

“I want to see your tongue clean that off,” Andy said. He leaned down and watched as soon as his tongue touched the surface. Andy shoved another lighted match against his skin.

Pete was saved only by the arrival of the guy with the dog. Jim came into the bathroom to tell Andy that he was there.

“That goddamned dog’s even bigger than it was last week,” Jim said, and laugh. He looked at Pete still bent over the bowl. “You get your can cleaned up yet.”

Andy didn’t say anything. He just grabbed Pete by the hair and yanked him painfully to his feet. He pulled him back into the main room.

Pete saw a slimy little man standing there holding a huge great dane on a leash. He only caught a glimpse of him because Andy was still pushing

and shoving him to the middle of the room.

They got Pete down on his knees and bent his head down to the floor. They pulled his ass up as far into the air as it would go.

“Get that mutt ready,” Pete heard Andy say.

Almost immediately Pete began to hear the dog pant and slobber. He couldn’t see what was being done to the animal, but he had a good idea.

“I want to see him suck the mutt’s prick,” Jim said. Then *he* laughed. This whole group was nuts, and Pete was getting more and more afraid.

Again a hand was shoved into his hair and he was yanked and pulled in front of the dog. Pete could see the long, thick shaft protruding from the dog’s cock sheath. It was about six inches long and bright red. It was also dripping.

“Get down there and suck that cock,” Andy shouted. When Pete hesitated, he felt a hand grab his balls and twist them painfully. He screamed in pain.

“Suck that cock, creep, or so help me I’ll pull those fuckers off,” Andy screamed.

Pete lowered his head and felt himself being pushed even closer to the dog’s cock. He wasn’t excited now, not in the least. He was just scared.

He opened his mouth and took just the tip of the dog’s prick in it. The dog instantly began to whine. Pete sucked on it and the dog became even more frantic.

“Take it all in your mouth and suck on it,” Andy yelled, and Pete did as he was told. He swallowed the entire length of dog cock, until he felt the hairs of the cock sheath rubbing against his nose.

Almost immediately he tasted thick juice running out of the dog’s prick. That’s when Dimity spoke up. “The dog will shoot off real fast that way,” he said. “And he won’t be good for a fuck for a long while.”

Pete’s head was yanked from the dog’s cock and he was pushed into his former position: head down and ass sticking up in the air.

“Okay,” Andy said. “Make that dog fuck him.”

Dimity lifted the dog's legs and put them on Pete's back. He pushed against the dog's ass until the tip of his cock just touched Pete's asshole. That was all it took.

Suddenly the dog started to hump. First, he hit nothing but air, then he tightened his paws around Pete and moved closer. His cock was now slamming against Pete's ass cheeks.

"Move that ass," Andy yelled, "so he's fuckin' it."

Pete was suddenly excited. He had never done anything like this before in his life. He felt his cock lurch and get stiff. He moved his ass around until the dog's prick got closer and closer to his fuckhole. Finally, the cock imbedded itself in Pete's asshole.

The dog realized that he had hit home. He scooted up even farther and started to pound his cock into Pete's asshole. With incredible speed he fucked Pete's ass. Pete felt like he was being fucked with a long, thick, hot stake.

Again and again and again that cock plunged into Pete's asshole. The dog seemed to fuck faster and faster. Suddenly he lunged against Pete's asshole, forcing the sharp, hard cock even farther up into Pete's ass. Then the mutt shot off.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The months following Dan's release from jail with a clean bill of health, and with no charges pressed against him, were the happiest of his life. Two days after he was released, Tony was released. They got together the first night they were both free.

Tony was nervous when he called. He told Dan he was sure he'd be told to get lost, or something to that effect. Dan laughed. "My only worry," he told Tony, "was that they wouldn't give you my new number." Dan had begun to move into his new apartment by the time Tony had called.

"You want to come over?" Dan asked.

"I sure do."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing," Tony said and laughed. "Just talking in the telephone."

"No, I mean what are you doing besides that?" Dan asked.

"Nothin'. Why?"

"Well, just to prove that you really want to come over here, I want you to get down on your knees..."

"Christ, Dan, I'm in the hallway of the YMCA."

"I don't give a damn where you are," Dan said. "Just get down on your knees."

"Fuck you," Tony said. "I'm not getting down on my knees unless you make me, in person."

"Then get your ass over here," Dan concluded. He gave Tony the address.

Tony had the most perfect body Dan had ever seen in his life. It was absolutely perfectly proportioned. The kid also had some of that blue-black

hair on his chest, a wide patch of it that tapered down in a skinny line to his crotch.

His buns gave Dan a hard-on just looking at them. Round and solid. Good hefty legs, without being overly muscular. An etched gut. Every muscle showing. Wide shoulders and square, beautiful chest muscles.

He wasn't the best-looking kid in the world, but he was more than passable and with a body like that, who cared. Besides, he was a great kid, nice and gentle and in his way funny.

Dan was hooked from that first night.

He fucked Tony three times that first night but wasn't able to convince the kid that he should be the total boss in the situation. Tony only laughed when Dan started ordering him around.

"Listen," Tony said. "I've been around that S&M stuff a little and I really like it, but I like to be on top. So why can't we have just a normal-type faggot affair and leave the weird stuff for when we're working on somebody else."

Dan reluctantly agreed, although he was anxious as hell to assume the top position.

"And another thing," Tony said, "don't think you're going to do all the fucking. You're gonna have a sore asshole every once in a while, too."

Nobody Dan had ever met had said things like that to him and been invited back, but Tony was invited back. In fact, after three days he was invited to move in.

For two months neither of them even thought of hitting the sack with anybody else. Their days got to be so routine, happily so, that they even started to kid each other about it.

"This isn't going to last, you know," Dan would say. "One day one of us is going to run into somebody we really dig and wham! the honeymoon'll be over."

"Well, I'll tell you what, kiddo. When you run into that person, why don't you try bringing him home and sharing him with your buddy. I'll do the same."

So that was the arrangement they made. Share and share alike, on any ass that appealed to them.

They had only one bad time, and that was the night Tony decided he had had enough of getting fucked. He didn't like that one-way street. He wanted to start doing a little fucking himself and he intended to use Dan's asshole.

He got home at five-thirty, his usual time, and Dan was already propped up in front of the television with a can of beer.

Tony went straight to the bedroom and stripped off his clothes. He always was bare-assed around the house. He walked back through the living room on his way to the kitchen. "Want another beer?" he asked.

"I want you to suck my cock first for a little while," Dan answered.

"You got a choice," Tony said. "Beer or no beer. I don't feel like sucking cock tonight."

"Oh-oh, the romance has gone out of our lives," Dan said. "So what do you want to do?"

Tony walked up next to him and let Dan reach up and start playing with his cock. "You really want to know?" he asked.

"Sure. You want to be by yourself or go out and get stoned... or laid. Name it, you got it."

"I want to feel my dick sliding in and out of your asshole," he said and looked straight into Dan's face.

Dan looked back at him for a few seconds. "Ah, c'mon, baby. You know what that does to me, I told you. It's the truth, I just can't be fucked. It makes me sick."

"Even if I do it?"

"Man, it isn't who does it. It's just the idea of having a dong poking up there. Like I told you, it makes me sick."

"C'mon, try it."

"Don't, Tony. I can't."

"I sure as hell would hate to have to tie you down, but damn it, I will if you make me." Tony kept his tone light.

“You and what armored division of faggots?”

“Just me and me alone. That’s who.”

“Listen, baby, I know it’s important to you, and if I could do it I’d be on my back with my legs in the air in no time flat, but I can’t do it.”

“Then listen to this,” Tony said, pulling away from Dan’s hand. “You’re cut off. No more cock and no more ass and no more mouth, unless you want to go out and get it. This ass, mouth and cock you’re looking at is strictly virginal until you open up that asshole of yours.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Try me.”

Tony left for the kitchen and came back with two beers. He handed one to Tony and then sat down in a chair, staring at the television set. They were quiet for a long time.

“This isn’t much fun, is it?” Dan said finally.

“Nope.”

“But you’re gonna go on playing the role until everything gets spoiled, right?”

“I’m not the one playing the role, Dan. You are. All that horseshit about getting sick when you get fucked. I can’t hack that. I *like* to fuck and I want to fuck you. If we’re going to have a good thing together, you gotta understand that. You’re going to have to put out.”

“Can’t you get it through your goddamned thick skull that getting fucked makes me sick? S-I-C-K! Throw up, upchuck, barf. You understand that?”

“The only thing I understand is that you’ve been using that excuse for years, and I’m not going to buy it.”

Again there was a long silence. Finally, Dan stood up. “Okay, you motherfucker get in the bedroom. I’m gonna open up my asshole for you, but you sure as hell are the one who’s gonna do the cleaning up.”

“Thatta boy,” Tony said, getting up with a wide grin on his face. His cock was already starting to harden and lengthen.

Tony followed Dan into the bedroom. He watched Dan strip out of his clothes. He watched every movement and felt a warm glow wash through him when he realized that the beautiful naked man belonged to him. It was the greatest feeling in the world.

"How do you want me?" Dan asked, still angry, "on my back or on my belly?"

Tony looked at him, smiling. He couldn't help but smile. He knew everything was going to work out fine. "Well, if you're gonna throw up all over the place, I guess you better get on your belly."

Dan flopped down on the bed on his stomach. He turned his head and looked at Tony. "And go easy with that thing," he said, nodding at Tony's hard cock. "This isn't my favorite pastime, you know."

"I know. I know," Tony answered and got up on the bed behind Dan. He leaned down and let his tongue wander gently over Dan's asscheeks and down the insides of his thighs. Up around the waist, gently biting at the skin.

As he slowly worked his way up Dan's back, using his teeth, mouth and tongue, he started to massage Dan's ass with his hand. Slowly he inserted a finger into the crack of Dan's ass. He found the hole and gently probed at it.

He pulled his hand away, keeping his mouth working, and reached down and dipped his fingers in a jar of Vaseline that was always kept opened by the side of the bed. He brought his hand back to Dan's ass and gently, slowly began to rub his greased finger against the tight opening. He pressed his finger until it began to slip inside the asshole. Tony moved it around, loosening the hole a little.

He was lying almost completely on top of Dan, still nibbling at his buddy's neck, still massaging his asshole with one finger. Slowly he eased the finger farther inside. Dan didn't say anything. He was enjoying the feeling of Tony's mouth and teeth on his neck.

Tony pressed a little harder and a bit more of his finger slipped inside Dan's asshole. It was then that Dan groaned. Not in pain, but in pleasure, and Tony knew that he was home free.

Still working slowly, Tony managed to get his whole finger up into Dan's ass. "Move that ass around, baby," he said finally. Dan moved his ass, even pressing back against the finger.

"Thatta boy," Tony said. "Fuck yourself on that finger. Just remember there's nobody here but us, so enjoy what's happening. Nobody's ever going to know you got fucked."

Tony pressed a second finger to Dan's asshole. It slowly slid inside. Dan was groaning deep now. Tony moved the fingers around in a circle, opening up the hole, getting Dan to relax even more.

Tony pulled the fingers out. Dan was ready. Tony greased his cock and leaned up above Dan's body.

"Stick that ass up a little, baby," Tony said. Dan did it. His beautiful ass was a perfect target.

Tony aimed his cockhead with one hand and slowly lowered his body. His weight would push his cock inside. He moved slowly, so slowly that Dan wished he would move faster.

Finally Dan felt the cock touch the opening of his asshole and felt the cockhead slide inside him. For a split second that queasy feeling grabbed at his stomach and he started to feel sick.

"It's coming, Tony," he said. "I'm gonna spill my guts."

"Don't think about it," Tony said. "Just think about how good this cock feels sliding up your ass. Think about who's fucking you and how much I love you."

That was the first time either of them had used the word love. They had skirted the subject, or at least mouthing the actual word, all during their relationship, but now the word and their acceptance of it was out in the open.

Tony's cock kept slipping farther and farther inside Dan's asshole. "Talk to me, baby," Dan said. "I have to keep my mind off my stomach."

"Just tell yourself that you want my cock," Tony said. "More than anything else in the world you want my cock up your ass. Because it's me

that's fucking you, Danny. Remember that. It's me, and I want to do it to you and you want me to. Remember that."

"I *do* want it," Dan shouted, and he rammed his ass back, swallowing up the remainder of Tony's cock. It was completely buried in Dan's asshole. He knelt there, resting, allowing Dan time to adjust himself to the presence of a fair-sized cock in his ass.

Finally Tony started to move. He pulled his cock gently out then started shoving it in again. He leaned up and watched his thick cock disappearing into Dan's asshole and he wanted that sensation to last forever.

He pulled his cock out again and it was then that Dan yelled at him. "Fuck my goddamned ass," Dan yelled and Tony took him at his word. He fucked. Hard and smooth and long.

Dan seemed to go along fine. His ass kept grabbing for Tony's cock every time the long, thick meat tube was pulled out of him and shoved back in. Tony began moving faster and faster, groaning in his pleasure.

Dan's attitude changed. He wasn't moving under Tony any more. He wasn't reaching up and grabbing for Tony's cock with his ass muscles. He just lay there, not even groaning.

"You're gonna have to stop," he finally croaked. "I'm getting sick. Really sick. I thought about what you're doing and I'm getting sick."

Tony was too far gone by that time to care. "Barf all over the fucking house," he said. "I don't care, 'cause you're getting a load of cum up your ass... NOW!"

Tony threw his full weight on top of Dan's body, his cock buried deep, full length, in Dan's asshole. He felt the first spurt of cum jerk out of his cock, and then another. The feeling was so good that he completely lost sense of everything except his pulsating cock.

Dan didn't have time to throw up.

Tony pulled his cock out of him after the last spurt of hot sticky cum had jetted up inside his asshole. He sat on the bed, looking down at his buddy.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" he asked. His voice was light.

Dan turned and smiled at him. “Except for my ass feeling like it was installed with locks, I’m okay,” he answered. “And I didn’t throw up. For the first time.”

“See how good I am for you,” Tony said. “Now I guess you’ll want to get fucked every night and twice on Sunday.”

“Maybe not that often,” Dan said, “but I’ve got the consolation of knowing that the next time there’s any fucking going on around this house, I’m the one who’s going to be doing it.”

“Don’t be so sure. This relationship isn’t that cut and dried. I might just decide to fuck you for six months straight. Turn you into a real little cunt.” He looked seriously at Dan. “You’re all right, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, I’m okay,” Dan answered. “How’s by you?”

“I’m great!” Tony answered and got up and headed for the bathroom. “You want to get in here first?”

“I think I want to keep the fuck cream up my ass a little while. It feels kinda good.”

Tony chuckled. “A real little cunt, that’s what you’re gonna be. Jesus, you’d better never let me get sore at you. I could ruin your reputation in six seconds down at the fuckin’ Crows’ Nest. Big bad Dan likes to take cock up the old shit chute,” he added with a devilish grin.

“Fuck you,” Dan said, laughing and throwing a pillow at his lover.

Tony caught it and stood there grinning. “Hey, how’s about us taking a shower together? Just looking at your fuckin’ naked body is turning me on again. The way you seemed to like getting your cherry popped makes me want to get fucked.”

Dan was off the bed in a flash. It took only a second or two to grab hold of Tony and steer him into the bathroom. They got into the shower stall together and adjusted the water. Dan let Tony soap his body all over, then took his turn lathering Tony. Their pricks were already hard again... hard and urgent and throbbing, mashed together as their bodies met with slippery impact. Their mouths again crushed together as the water sloshed down in rivulets over their naked, hard-muscled bodies. Their hands roamed over every part of their torsos. The soap made them slither and slide as they tried

to melt themselves into one person. Their passions were so intense it seemed impossible that but a few seconds earlier they had exhausted themselves fucking and sucking in the other room. Their writhing together seemed to generate steam... more steam than usual as the hot water rinsed away the soap, leaving their glistening muscled bodies smooth and clean and hard and demanding.

They started to grind together frantically. Tony grabbed Dan and threw him down onto the floor of the shower stall. Tony fell on top of him.

“Oh, Christ I’m hot,” Dan moaned.

“A little cunt, that’s what you’re turning into,” Tony joked.

“It’s your turn to get fucked this time, cunt,” Dan said with a grin.

They writhed together on the slippery, hot tiles. They moaned as their lips crushed over each other’s. Their hands caressed their bodies.

“I’ve got to fuck you,” Dan breathed, pulling his wet lips from Tony’s. His hands moved to feel Tony’s heavy, cum-filled balls. He trailed his index finger along the length of the pulsing, thick-veined prick.

Dan rolled Tony over. He got on top of him and opened his mouth, sucking Tony’s nipple in between his teeth. He bit down... hard.

Tony yelled out. “Jesus Christ, Dan, I love that. Oh, good Christ! Bite it! Oh, Goddamn, that feels great,” Tony groaned.

Dan moved his mouth and teeth from one nipple to the other then ran his tongue down Tony’s belly to the navel, to the pubic hairs, to the inside of his thighs. He eased Tony’s legs and started to kiss and suck around and under his hairy, cum-filled balls. His lips and tongue moved back, back, back until they connected with Tony’s tight, twitching, puckered asshole. Dan clamped his mouth over the puckered hole and started to suck on it.

“Holy Christ! Oh, shit...” Tony groaned as he writhed and twisted and shoved back against Dan’s tongue and lips. “Oh, Dan, Dan... Oh, Jesus, that feels good. I love your fucking hot tongue up inside me like that. Oh, Jesus! I can’t take too much more, goddamn it. It’s too fuckin’ beautiful. Oh, Christ. Suck it. Suck that asshole. Oh goddamn, Dan. Eat me out, baby. Eat that fucking shit chute. Clean it out, baby. Eat my fuckin’ ass. Oh, Christ!”

Dan sucked and licked and stuck his tongue as far up Tony's asshole as his tongue would go. He moved it around, rimming the walls inside his asshole. Tony was moaning and thrashing about, pushing his ass tighter and tighter against Dan's mouth. Dan lowered Tony's legs and cupped his big massive hairy balls. The big, thick, hard, fat cock was standing up straight and firm just before his eyes. Dan wet his lips and clasped Tony's thighs. Tony fell all the way back onto the floor of the shower stall, his hands flailing the air, gazing up into the hot, gushing spray of water spewing out of the showerhead.

Dan went crazy with desire. He took Tony's prick, stroking it hard, pulling it, coaxing it, hefting the heavy balls that hung down beneath it. The cock throbbed and pulsed in his hand as Tony's excitement grew and grew. Dan could still feel the tingling in his ass from when Tony's dick had screwed the shit out of him. He could almost feel the load of cum that Tony's cock had spit up there and the thought of it excited him all the more. The mushroom head of Tony's prick was red and almost glowed under the water, the veins stood out like angry cords. Dan held the hot, thick prick in his hand and leaned his mouth toward it. With his tongue he began to trace tiny patterns of sense-tickling warmth on the taut veins of the pulsing prick-shaft.

The pleasure was unbearable, dizzying and delirious, and Tony writhed and twisted, arching his body, thrusting his prick up, up, up, wanting Dan to take it all the way down his throat and give him relief from the ache in his hairy balls.

Dan teased the prick with tip of his tongue, pausing at the small opening of Tony's prick, nibbling on it, feeling the excitement as the hard, thick prick reared up like a young hot stallion, full-blooded, crimson-tipped.

"Oh, Christ, man," Tony moaned and started twisting and writhing and banging his head against the hard floor tiles. "Oh, Dan, please don't suck on my prick any more. I can't take too much more of it. My prick's going to explode. I'm going to cum again. Stop, Dan. Oh, Christ, stop. I can't take it. I don't want to cum yet. I want to make it last forever. Oh, Dan, Dan... Oh, Jesus Christ, I'm hot!"

With a smile on his lips, Dan continued to suck his dick. Tony reached down and grabbed his head and yanked him up and away from his straining,

pulsing, fighting prick. Their mouths met in a scorching kiss. Dan's body was kneeling between Tony's legs as the water poured and gushed down all over their beautiful hard young bodies.

Tony felt the huge, mushroom head of Dan's prick probing against his now spit-slick asshole. Tony turned slightly, then curled his legs up around Dan's waist, urging him on.

"I want to get fucked, baby. Fuck my hot, tight ass."

Dan inched forward. He positioned the head of his prick against the slippery asshole and shoved it in hard. Tony yelled and stiffened his body. A second later he relaxed, feeling the prick lodged in his asshole. He waited until the, first stab of pain subsided then scooted down, wedging Dan's prick flush against his asshole.

Dan rammed his prick all the way home!

"OH, JESUS CHRIST! HOLY GOD!" Tony groaned as the head of Dan's prick pushed its way up his shit chute, digging its way up into his guts.

"Oh, Dan. You're prick's all the way up me. Oh, baby, you're in my ass. Shove that prick in, baby. Fuck me. Oh, Christ, that's it. That's the way. Fuck it. Make it bleed. Break me wide open. Fuck the hell out of me. Fuck me, Dan. FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!"

Dan jammed his prick up Tony's ass. Dan's mouth closed over Tony's mouth, cutting off his moans as his body fell on top and his prick dug its way all the way up into his asshole. Dan was pumping with a stimulating rhythm and Tony kept time perfectly, meeting stroke for stroke. Tony wanted to scream his head off as the prick went in and out, in and out, in and out. He sucked Dan's tongue deep into his throat and tried to stifle his urge to yell. He felt the vibrations of Dan's prick and knew by the accelerated movement of his handsome, hard young body that Dan was getting ready to cum. Their bodies jolted as the nerve ends from the combined exertions ripped them apart and started their cum bubbling up the lengths of their pricks.

Dan groaned. Tony moaned as their cocks erupted, spitting hot, thick, heavy, creamy cum all over the shower floor, all over their bodies, deep into Tony's twitching, pulsing, cock-grabbing asshole. Dan's prick filled the hot,

tight man-fuck-hole. Tony's prick spewed and spurted out heavy, thick gobs of wet, sticky white cum. The water from the shower spewed down its warmth as their bodies twisted and writhed and gnashed together on the tile floor.

A moment of calm came over both of them. They lay weak and still. Dan rolled over onto his side and let the water hit him full in the face. Tony panted his breath back to normal then rolled on top of Dan and their mouths again locked in a passionate kiss.

"Damn, that was nice," Tony groaned as their lips parted.

"Now who's the little cunt?" Dan asked with a grin.

"Fuck off," Tony answered, returning the grin.

"You're one hell of a fuck," Dan said.

"So are you."

"I still think I'll get sick every time you want to plug my asshole."

"It's all in your mind." He kissed Dan again. "Just relax and enjoy it. You'll get to like it as much as I do."

"Never."

"Want to bet?"

Dan just smiled.

"Come on, sexy," Tony said. "Let's go smoke a joint before turning in."

Dan smiled. "Turn on before turning in," he said with a laugh.

They dried each other off then stretched out on their big bed and lit up a joint, which they passed back and forth. As they smoked, letting the soothing effects of the grass calm their brains, they talked.

"Do you think you and me are going to last as lovers?" Tony asked.

"We have as good a chance as anybody else," Dan said.

"Only if we make it a two-way street."

"What does that mean?" Dan asked, feeling the lifting effects of the grass.

“If I get fucked, then you get fucked.”

Dan took a deep drag and let the smoke out slowly after holding it deep down in his guts for almost a full minute. “I just don’t think I’ll be able to pull that load. You know what getting fucked does to me.”

“I just fucked you a little while ago and you didn’t barf.”

Dan thought about that for a minute.

Tony turned and looked at him, “You’re just up-tight about it. Maybe if we smoked grass before I fucked you, it’d help relax you and take your mind off up-chucking.”

Dan didn’t say anything. The grass was beginning to get to him. Tony leaned over and kissed him as he took the joint from Dan’s fingers. After a minute or two Dan took the cigarette back and sucked smoke deep into his guts. They smoked in silence for a while then Dan said, “Christ, this stuff is starting to make me horny again. Look,” he said, displaying a fast-hardening prick.

Tony laughed and reached out for it. “It’s all that talk about fucking your ass. Subconsciously you really dig it but are afraid to admit it. Just thinking about it got your prick up.” He started to caress Dan’s hardening cock. He felt his own cock starting to get hard.

“Ummmm,” Dan said. “I love it when you play with my cock.”

“How about playing with mine,” Tony said.

Dan reached down and was surprised to find Tony’s prick was as hard and as pulsing as his own. “God, your dick feels good,” Dan said and sighed. He could feel himself floating and loved the sensation.

“I guess we’ll have to do something about these pricks of ours, won’t we, babe?”

“I guess we will,” Dan said in a dreamy, way-off voice.

Tony pulled Dan hard against his body and their mouths crushed together. Their lips parted, their tongues roamed freely inside each other’s mouth. Their cocks were squeezed tightly and their breaths were hot and anxious and ready. Finally their lips unglued and Tony lowered his mouth to Dan’s pulsing, aching prick.

The initial touch almost blew the top of Dan's head off. Then he felt Tony's hot, wet, slippery lips and his spit-laden tongue on his hot, boiling prick. Tony licked away at the head of it and then sucked the prick into his throat.

Dan started to fuck Tony's face. He bounced and banged against his lover's head as he sent his slick prick in and out of Tony's drooling mouth.

Tony sucked and sucked. His wet, full lips worked on the shaft, his tongue worked on the head. After a while he released the cock from his mouth and raised himself up and began sucking on the nipples of Dan's chest. His tongue and lips moved down over the rib cage and he stuck his tongue into Dan's navel. He sucked and licked the navel while his hands roamed over Dan's legs and thighs. Then his mouth moved farther down the expanse of his lover's naked body. His tongue flicked out and darted through the pubic hair. Dan arched up unconsciously as the wet, hot mouth moved back to suck on his balls. He wanted Tony to suck his asshole, but Tony's mouth returned to take the cock fully down his throat. Tony's mouth moved from the pulsing, throbbing prick and side-tracked over onto the thigh and down the inside of Dan's leg. Lips kissed the underside of the kneecap. A tickling sensation shot up and down Dan's spine as he stifled a gasp and jerked his leg away from the tickling torment of Tony's hot, wet lips. Tony grinned and pulled the leg back into his grip. Again he kissed and sucked at the under part of the kneecap and again Dan yanked and squirmed, trying to get away from the tickling feeling that was driving him crazy.

Tony finally abandoned the sensitive spot and moved down to the trim, masculine ankles. He traced tiny circles with his tongue then traveled underneath the foot where he kissed the instep and the arch. His tongue licked the sole of the foot and darted between, the toes, taking each in turn... from the smallest to the biggest... all the while Dan writhed and squirmed and twisted and struggled to escape the delicious joy of Tony's mouth and lips and tongue.

Tony moved and knelt between the spread legs of his lover. He sat back on his haunches and grabbed Dan by both ankles. Knowing what was coming, Dan stiffened for a moment.

“Relax, man. You’re going to love it this time.”

The effects of the grass clouded his mind to reason. Dan felt himself floating again. He relaxed, resigning himself to his fate.

Tony grabbed tight to both ankles. He raised Dan's feet into the air and showered the soles of his feet with hot, wet kisses and tender caresses. He sucked all ten toes, lingered over each of them as if they were delicate morsels of candy which must be savored and tasted and never swallowed whole.

His mouth moved down the backs of the legs. First the right leg, all the way to the kneecap, then stopping and starting at the ankle of the left leg, continuing up to the kneecap. Globs of spit were worked up and lavished upon the glistening, smooth, hard skin. Tony pushed Dan's legs still higher into the air and held them firmly up. He lowered his face to the underside of Dan's thighs and covered them with wet, hot, searing kisses. Tony pushed Dan's legs forward, toward his prone body; the knees buckled, the legs came to press against his chest and stomach. Tony lifted Dan's ass, cupping his hands under each cheek. He grinned and his head bent low and his fingers spread the round, smooth, firm mounds of his ass. His lips were the first to connect with the sensitive, vulnerable, pouting asshole.

Dan jerked with heated lust as Tony's lips pressed themselves against the lips of his asshole. Dan sucked in his breath as Tony started to suck on the hole. Tony sucked and nibbled at the opening, pulling the lips slightly apart with the fingers, he rammed his tongue as far as possible up into the asshole.

Dan knew he should start feeling sick, but he didn't. The grass was making his asshole twitch, as though begging to get fucked. He started to moan with sheer carnal desire and shoved his ass back hard against Tony's mouth without realizing that he did so. Tony shoved his tongue in and out, fucking Dan with his oral penetration.

Tony moved away from the asshole and moved slightly higher to lick and suck the hairy, balls which hung heavy and full of cum.

Dan's fists were around the shaft of his prick. He started jerking himself off with both hands while Tony rimmed the shit out of his steaming asshole.

"Fuck me, Tony," Dan found himself saying, not believing his words. "Fuck the hell out of me, please, please..." His eyes were closed, his ass

twitching and throbbing and itching for the feel of his lover's huge thick prick up inside it. "Fuck me hard, this time," he pleaded. "Fuck the hell out of me, baby. I want it. Oh, Christ I want you to fuck me."

Tony moved on his knees, closing in on the vulnerable, puckered asshole. He positioned his hard, pulsing prick by placing its tip at the very opening of the spit-slick asshole. He raised up on his knees and felt the resistance Dan's asshole offered.

"Relax," Tony panted.

Dan, unable to think for himself, found himself relaxing.

Tony rested back on his ankles and lowered his face to the ass again. He spread the cheeks once more and gathered up a big mouthful of spit. He allowed the great mass of slimy spit to dribble out from between his lips and down onto the opening of the pouting brown puckered man-fuck-hole. The river of spit seeped from the hole, down between the crack of the ass, yet it left a small pool of saliva lying in the center of the pouting hole.

Again Tony raised up and positioned his hard prick against the asshole. He leaned his weight against the stiff column of his prick and the head of his cock rammed its way through the mouth of the cavern as Dan thrashed wildly on the bed and moaned and groaned and sighed. Tony's prick dug its way in. Dan's twisting and turning, unfortunately, managed to dislodge the prick from the hole.

"Hey, man, cool down," Tony gasped. "Don't let the grass float you too far out."

Tony pushed apart the cheeks of Dan's ass and he put the head of his prick up against the hole again. This time he didn't delay. With one quick, swift jab he buried the head of his cock deep into Dan's asshole. Dan yelled out as the long, thick column of cock shoved its way into his guts.

Tony grabbed Dan's ankles and hoisted them up into the air. He spread the legs as far apart as they'd go. He held them in that position and began moving his hips back and forth... in and out... in and out... back and forth... back and forth. Dan moaned as if in agony, yet he found himself skewering back, fixing himself more firmly onto the driving shaft of Tony's prick that was fucking the shit out of his ass.

“Harder, harder,” Dan found himself moaning. “Give it to me hard, baby.”

Tony increased the tempo of his fuck strokes. Dan’s head lolled weakly, helplessly from side to side. His mind was on fire. His body felt like an inferno as the thick, hard prick rammed itself in and out of his tortured asshole.

Tony kept jamming it in and out, in and out, jabbing, ramming, fucking, shoving it in to the hilt, pulling it almost all the way out then ramming it back without pity, without caution.

Dan reached up and locked his arms around Tony’s neck. He pulled his lover’s hard young body against his own. Dan fitted himself against Tony’s body and let the prick fuck and fuck and fuck and fuck in and out, in and out of his hot, tight, aching, throbbing asshole.

“Harder... harder... harder...” Dan groaned as Tony’s prick shot in and out of him. Dan shoved himself up and down in Tony’s lap. He rotated his hips and squeezed the muscles of his ass as if to milk the cum out of the pulsing, pounding, ramming prick that was being shoved in and out of his guts.

Tony fell backward as Dan released his hold from around his neck. Dan leaned back, pulling the erect, throbbing cock still deeper into his asshole. Tony pushed his hips up as Dan continued to post himself as if he were riding a horse which was trying to unsaddle him. Dan’s hands grabbed Tony’s legs to steady his movements. He ground his hips into the body underneath him and closed his eyes as the driving need to cum started to creep up his own hard, stiff, throbbing, pulsing hot prick. Dan grabbed his cock and started to jerk himself off frantically. The tight, pink skin of the shaft slipped back and forth, back and forth over the pulsing, hot, blood-swollen head of his prick. The skin kept sliding up and down, back and forth as his fist beat and pounded on his prick. He jerked and pulled... faster, faster, faster...

“Oh, Christ, I’m cummin’...” Dan groaned as his hand worked with heated determination up and down his hard prick-shaft. His words spurred Tony to fuck faster and faster, deeper and deeper. He threw himself into his fucking, caught as he was in the throes of his own orgasm.

"Suck me. Suck my prick into your mouth," Dan gasped as he pushed himself up slightly, keeping Tony's prick deep in his ass.

Tony bent his body at an impossible angle and sucked Dan's cock in between his lips. He could just get the head of it inside his mouth.

"Oh, Jesus Christ," Dan groaned. He felt his cum starting to churn in his balls and then begin to bubble up the shaft of his hot prick. It shot out like a bullet and smashed into Tony's mouth and throat.

Tony pushed his prick as far as it would go up into Dan's asshole. He felt the hot, squirming of the ass... the throbbing, jerking, quivering of his prick. His balls ached, then his cum blasted out. Bolt after bolt of hot steaming cum blasted out of his prick and spit and spewed itself up into the hot, battered, tortured asshole.

Tony groaned and moaned as he came and came and came. His final thrusts into Dan's ass pushed his cock deeper and deeper into Dan's guts and Dan felt the heavy spurts of hot, searing cum as it flew in every direction inside him.

Tony gulped and swallowed as Dan's cock continued to spurt out its load of cream. The flavor of the cum sent his mind awhirl as he blew his lid. His discharge was the heaviest yet. Blast after blast of delicious tasting cum shot out of the prick. His own cock filled Dan's ass. The asshole couldn't hold all of it. Cum started to seep out of the ass and run down over his balls, his legs, the sheets on the bed.

Tony drank down every drop of Dan's cum and sucked and sucked for more. He gulped and swallowed until the prick was completely empty.

Then Dan fell back on the bed. Tony eased his shit-flecked prick out of Dan's cummy ass and got to his feet.

"Christ," Tony said. "Don't tell me you felt like throwing up that time. You really did dig it, didn't you?"

The grass and the fuck had gotten to Dan. He curled into a ball and was drifting off to sleep, unaware that Tony was talking to him.

CHAPTER EIGHT

At the doctor's office, Pete lay on his belly while the doctor probed for and picked out all sorts of miscellaneous merchandise from his asshole.

"That sure must have been a group you got tied up with," the doctor said. "Either they broke a bottle up inside you or else forced little slivers of glass up there. Nice group. It's a wonder you didn't bleed to death."

"I thought I was bleeding from that one guy's cock," Pete admitted. He and doctor had become good friends since they'd first met months before. The doctor knew what Pete's bag was, and when he couldn't convince Pete how dangerous it was, he offered to help when help was needed.

Pete had stumbled into the office, blood still running down his legs, dressed only in a pair of trousers. The nurse thought he was a runaway from a lunatic asylum until she recognized him.

"You don't have to tell my mother about this, do you?" Pete asked. He'd been trying desperately to think of some legitimate sounding reason why he hadn't gone home the night before.

"I won't tell her," the doctor said, "but she might start asking questions when you're walking around like you've got a fence post up your behind. You're going to need a few stitches."

Pete gasped and groaned while the cuts inside his asshole were cleaned and then sewn. Even with the local the doctor gave him, it still hurt like hell.

There was a knock on the door. The nurse popped her head in, not even looking at Pete's exposed ass. "His mother's on the phone," she told the doctor. "And I've already told her he's here."

"Don't tell her, please, Doc," Pete said.

"I can't lie to her, but I'll try to get away without telling her anything." He was gone about ten minutes.

The doctor was sweating when he came back in the room. "You're in trouble," he said. "She doesn't know exactly what happened, but she's

close. She wants you home.”

“Oh, Jesus,” Pete groaned. “My ass is cooked.”

“It soon will be if you keep on the way you’re going,” the doctor said. “Can’t you find something besides ultimate destruction that turns you on. Have you ever tried knitting?”

“From the way my asshole feels,” Pete said, “that’s what I’m going to be doing for about a month.”

The doctor patted him on the ass. Pete was finished. He hopped off the table and pulled his pants on. The doctor handed him the shirt he said he would loan him.

When Pete was dressed, he headed to the door. “Wish me luck, Doc,” he said. “I’m about to face the wrath of the only person in the world who can pay my bills.”

The doctor tossed him a salute and Pete was gone.

All during the ride home, Pete thought desperately for something to say to his mother. He was wasting his time. When he got inside the door he didn’t have to say a word, his mother did all the talking.

Pete never expected it, but his little adventure the night before cost him more than a torn asshole. His mother threw him out. Just like that! Bag and baggage out of the house, bereft of maternal love and the checkbook he needed so badly. He hitch-hiked back to town.

He got a room at the YMCA and stood in front of the small mirror on the back of the door and stared at himself. He was ugly as shit and broke. What in the hell was he going to do?

CHAPTER NINE

Tony was getting ready to close up the gas station he worked at. He was taking his time because he knew Dan wouldn't be home yet. The other guys at the station had taken off already. There wasn't any excuse to hurry home, so he washed down the floors in the johns and tidied up the office then started sweeping down the garage floor. He turned when he heard the sound of a car pull in. It didn't stop in front of the pumps, but drove up near the open doors of the garage. A young blond kid got out from behind the steering wheel.

"Got a telephone I can use?" he asked.

"Sure," Tony said, admiring the tight jeans on the kid, the cute buns, the beautiful grin on the kid's face. He sure was a goddamn good-looking young guy. "Over there on the wall."

Tony watched the guy drop in his dime and dial. Tony couldn't keep his eyes off the kid's ass. It was round and tight and very, very inviting. He felt his cock get hard just looking at the boy's ass.

The kid turned from the phone. No answer. "I guess they got tired of waiting for me," he said.

"Who's that?" Tony asked, purposely fitting himself into his sexiest pose, one hip slightly out, his weight on one leg, his hot cock plastered down one leg, clearly in view. He saw the kid's eyes drop to his crotch and the color went into his face.

"I... I was suppose to meet some guys and they were going to take me to a club they knew, a kinda private club. I'm visiting from Texas. I got lost somewhere along the way."

"That's easy to do in this town," Tony said. He let his thumb loop itself into his belt and let his fingers reach down until they rested just at the base of his prick. He noticed that the kid was taking it all in.

"From Texas, huh? You're a long way away from home. Run away?"

"No, I'm on vacation," the boy said.

“What kind of club were they taking you to?”

The boy blushed. “They didn’t say. They only said I’d really dig it.”

“Are these guys old friends of yours?”

“No, I just met them the other night in a bar.”

“A bar? Hell, you don’t look old enough to get into bars in this town.”

“It was an Angelo’s. They let you in under eighteen.”

“And you’re under eighteen?” Angelo’s he knew was a hang out for teenage fags.

“I’ll be eighteen next year.”

Tony laughed. “Chicken?”

The boy blushed deeper.

Tony studied him for a moment then said, “Well, look. As long as you’re free for tonight; how’s about waiting till I clean up here and we’ll go back to my place and have us a beer or something.”

The boy shifted his weight self-consciously. “Gee. I don’t...”

“Hell, what else do you have to do? I won’t bite you. We’ll have us a ball. What do you say?”

Before the kid said anything, Tony added, “I’ve got to take a piss first, though, and I just swabbed down the floors of the john.” Without further comment, Tony walked over to the corner of the garage, turned his back on the kid and pulled out his cock. He aimed it at the sink in the corner and started to piss. He looked back over his shoulder. The boy was still standing there, as though hypnotized. Tony knew he had him.

He continued to piss while the kid walked up behind him. There were pictures of broads plastered on the wall. The boy eyed them for a moment.

“Are you straight?” the boy asked.

“Shit, no. I wouldn’t be cruising a beautiful guy like you if I dug cunt like those,” he said. Piss was still pouring out of his prick and he could feel the boy’s eyes on his cock. “Like it?” Tony asked, sounding a little hard and cruel.

The boy said nothing.

“The name’s Tony,” Tony said as he finished pissing. He did not, however, put his prick away.

“Ollie. Ollie Martin.”

“Well, Ollie,” Tony said, fingering his prick. “How’d you like to go back to my place?”

“I don’t think I should,” Ollie said hesitantly. He stood there looking at Tony who stood with his legs spread apart. His jeans seemed to be painted a faded blue over the curve of his thighs. His left hand was on his hips and right hand was holding his long, thick prick.

“Christ, I sure could use a nice hot mouth to suck on this,” Tony said softly, invitingly.

Ollie’s mouth went dry and his face felt hot and flushed. He felt his own cock starting to get hard just looking at Tony’s.

“You’re getting a hard-on,” Tony commented.

Ollie’s color deepened.

Tony fingered his prick until it was fully hard. He let his hand slide up and down the huge shaft. Ollie stood with his legs spread apart and his body arched forward with the big head of his cock inching its way down the inside of his pants. His legs felt suddenly weak as hot fluid dripped down his left leg. He watched the dark stain grow larger on his Levi’s. He licked his dry lips and took a deep breath to steady himself.

Tony stood sizing him up through half-closed eyes. “Christ,” he said, “You look like you’ve got a real man-sized prick on you, Ollie.”

Ollie stood speechless with embarrassment and emotion. The kid just stared at Tony’s prick, his heart pounding in his chest.

“Close that goddamn garage door, kid. It’s too fuckin’ bright in here and somebody might see us from the street.”

As if in a trance, Ollie walked to the door and pulled it closed. He then turned around and saw Tony standing there. He had dropped his Levi’s and they hung over his boots; one hand was fondling the huge pair of nuts as the

other hand was now rubbing a shiny fluid over the dilated rim of the massive prick.

“Come here,” Tony snarled. “I want you to feel how hard this fuckin’ pole is.”

As Ollie approached, Tony took Ollie’s hand and put it on his prick. Tony’s other hand was slowly unbuttoning Ollie’s fly. Ollie felt his jeans drop to the floor and Tony said, “Kick ‘em off, kid.” Then he pulled Ollie close to him. They stood there rubbing bodies together and Tony was feeling Ollie’s body all over. Ollie’s hand started to fondle Tony’s large balls and started stroking his big, pulsing cock.

“Better go easy on that monster, kid. It’s loaded with cum and hot as a fuckin’ pistol. How do you like it, Ollie? Can you take it all the way down?”

Ollie stood shaking with excitement and was too worked up to answer as Tony stood massaging the swollen head of his big prick. Tony milked it forward and large wads of cum oozed out.

“Go ahead, Ollie. Take it. Let me see you take this fuckin’ rod all the way down your beautiful tight young throat!”

Ollie sank to his knees before he knew what he was doing. He looked at Tony’s scuffed motorcycle boots and saw the short hairs on his muscular legs and thick thighs. He smelled a heavy masculine odor emitting from Tony’s body as his eyes rested on the huge erection just before his face. The big, rough hands of the garageman cupped Ollie’s head in his hands and pushed his torso forward. He forced the large head of his prick between Ollie’s half-parted lips.

“Oh, Christ, kid, tongue, suck, lick... wet my balls, get between my legs. See if you can eat the shit out of my ass. Suck it, kid. Suck me all over. Give me a fuckin’ tongue bath.”

Ollie found himself in a feverish emotion. Slowly, in and out of his eager mouth, Tony worked his big prick. Ollie began to play with his own cock as he knelt there on the dirty, grimy oily floor of the garage.

“Go ahead, kid, beat the hell out of that big prick of yours. I want to watch you shoot your load,” Tony groaned. “Shoot it on my fuckin’ boots.

That ought to shine them up for me.”

Ollie was now so hot that he allowed Tony to screw him in the mouth as he swallowed the large cock down his throat. He felt the swelling grow when Tony groaned as Ollie applied suction over the swollen head of his giant cock. Ollie’s own rod shot forth load after load up Tony’s legs, covering the boots. Tony looked down and moaned. “Christ, look at that fuckin’ load of cum.” Then he released his own large load down Ollie’s throat. Ollie gulped and swallowed fast. As the shots ran down his throat and out of the corners of his mouth and down his chin, he sank back on his haunches, breathing rapidly, and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

Tony stood with his legs still spread apart. “You really liked it, didn’t you, Ollie?”

Ollie didn’t answer but looked down at his cupped right hand that contained a full ounce of hot, thick, creamy cum.

“Well, hell. Answer me,” Tony snarled as he dug a heavy boot into Ollie’s rib. “You heard me tell you to shoot your load all over my boots, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” Ollie said obediently.

“Well, I meant it. Rub that fuckin’ jism into the leather with your fuckin’ hands.”

Ollie held the boot with one hand and smeared the sticky fuck juices with his other over the boot.

“Now use that fuckin’ rag over there and polish hell out of that goddamn boot.”

Ollie felt a mixed emotion of fright and repulsion, yet he was strongly attracted to the masculine dominance of the older boy standing over him. He stepped over to pick up a cloth as Tony leaned back on the fender of a car. He just stood with his legs spread-apart and looked down at the still semi-hardness of his prick. Ollie saw how it looked, even bigger glistening with the spit and cum that covered it and ran down into the tight crotch hairs. Ollie held the rag and, on his knees, began to polish the boot. Tony moved his other leg so that his boot rested between Ollie’s legs with the sole of it pressing down on Ollie’s cock and balls.

He polished hard. The motion of his body coupled with the movements of the boot in his crotch caused Ollie's cock to start getting hard. He looked up and saw Tony had another full, throbbing hard-on; Tony was milking it with his fist, massaging the head, smearing the oozing cum drops over the head and down the shaft.

Tony grinned down at Ollie. "It looks like this prick of mine just won't go down. How about wetting it for me, kid? Go ahead and spit on the head of my prick. Get it nice and slick for me."

Ollie gathered big globs of spit in his mouth and spit them out on Tony's pulsing cock. He let the saliva drip over the head and shaft of the giant prong. Tony began to work the spit up and down the shaft and around the big head.

"Well, hell, kid, go ahead and shine up that other boot. You still got some of your cum you can use on it." Tony chuckled. "And if you need more, just use some of that juice that's oozing out of the hole in the head of your own prick."

Ollie began on the other boot. He looked down and saw his prick was at full erection, standing straight up between his squatting legs and dripping cum all over the place. He polished away vigorously as the heavy boot began to fascinate him.

Tony started to talk about the kind of sex he and Dan had together. He talked in a low, tough voice, telling Ollie about how they like their sex rough... how they like to piss on each other and rim the shit out of each other's assholes.

"Yeah, Dan and me could use a good-looking little kid like you around the place. How'd you like to wear a cockring with metal studs around your prick and balls, kid? How'd you like to have us put a sheath on that beautiful prick of yours and when you get a hard-on, little metal studs would dig into the shaft of your cock? How'd you like it, Ollie?"

Ollie's whole body was shaking from head to toe. His prick was pulsing like mad. Cum was dripping out of the piss hole and dribbling down onto the greasy floor of the garage.

"Have you ever beaten up a guy...?" Ollie's voice was shaking as he asked his question.

“Sure, kid. Lots of times. Dan and me really dig working a kid over... especially a good-looking bastard like you. Would you like us to use a whip on that gorgeous fuckin’ back of yours?” He reached down and grabbed Ollie’s hair, yanking his head back, forcing the boy to look up at him.

“Would you, kid?” he growled.

“Yes...” Ollie answered weakly.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, sir,” Ollie said in a halting, trembling voice.

“How’d you like me to piss in that pretty little mouth of yours, Ollie? Would you like that?”

Ollie nodded numbly as Tony let go of his hair. Ollie bent back over the boot and kept polishing away at the scuffed leather.

Tony put his legs around the kid, wrapping them around the kneeling body. He kept treading the boots up and down over the naked boy. The air was heavy with the smell of polished leather and the odor of sweat and sex and grease and oil. Ollie was on his hands and knees now, licking the legs, the balls, the boots.

“You really dig this, don’t you kid?”

“Yes,” Ollie stammered. “I’ve never been so hot in all my life,” he added softly.

Tony sat back and put his boot on Ollie’s shoulder and rubbed it against the cheek of his face. Ollie was beside himself. As he smelled the thick leather of Tony’s body he began to play with his own prick again. Tony sat on the fender of the car and let his balls hang down between his thick thighs.

“If you do as I say we can have lots of fun like this. How about it?”

“I’ll do anything you want me to do,” Ollie admitted in a shy, frightened-sounding voice.

“Can you take anything me and Dan dish out?”

Ollie nodded slowly. “I’d like to try,” he admitted.

“Lie down on your fuckin’ back, slave,” Tony ordered gruffly.

Ollie quickly lay down on the dirty, greasy garage floor. He put his hands behind his head and his big prick stood up like a flagpole. Tony stepped across him with his legs spread and stood towering over Ollie.

“Okay, go ahead and let me watch you jerk off that big prick of yours. See how high you can shoot your fuckin’ gun in the air, but don’t cum until I tell you to.”

“Yes, sir,” Ollie said as he grabbed for his prick.

Ollie looked up, watching Tony’s muscular body as it stood over his out-stretched, naked body. He played with his prick and teased it until he was in a frenzy. The cold, hard cement greasy floor felt rough on his burning body as he writhed and rubbed his back and his small tight ass against the cement. He watched Tony slide the wide belt out of his Levi’s. The belt curved through the air and cut across Ollie’s chest with a cracking sound. Ollie winced and cried out. Tears seeped from his eyes. The belt cut through the air again and again and again, leaving wide, red whip marks across Ollie’s naked, vulnerable, hot, thrashing body.

Ollie twisted and turned over, leaving his back and tight ass exposed to the steady, cruel, vicious blows. As the black belt lashed out, cutting across his ass, he found himself more and more sexually stimulated and excited. The wicked belt cut through the skin in places, leaving long ugly red marks.

Tony finally dropped his arms to his side and stood panting. The sweat was streaming down his face. “Okay, roll over on your fuckin’ back.”

Ollie complied quickly.

“Not in the face,” he pleaded.

Tony glowered down at him. He turned the belt around and swung it. The buckle hit Ollie’s cheek bone and blood oozed out of the welt. Ollie cried out but didn’t move.

“I’ll hit you any fuckin’ place I want to,” Tony snarled. “You don’t give me orders, understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Ollie sobbed. “You can hit me anywhere you want to, Tony.”

“That’s better. Now how about a bath?”

Tony's cock stood out as a swollen fuck-pole. He pointed the head down at Ollie's face. Ollie saw the yellow arch of piss as it shot out into the air and splattered down over him.

Ollie was covered with hot, stinking, yellow piss. Tony squatted low over Ollie's face as the piss bathed and washed his body and face. Tony moved forward so that his large prick was even with Ollie's face and bathed it with yellow hot piss.

"Drink it, goddamn you," Tony yelled.

Ollie obediently opened his mouth and Tony filled it for him with his hot, thick, yellow, stinking piss. The piss stopped as Tony wildly began to work his big prick back and forth.

Ollie just watched in a hypnotic trance as the load of cum struck him full in the face and ran down into his open mouth.

Tony stood up and put his foot on Ollie's chest as Ollie beat himself off, cuming again and again and again.

After their orgasms subsided, Tony looked down at the young boy. He knelt beside him and examined the cut on his cheek. "It ain't too bad. The piss washed it clean but we'd better get you back to the apartment and put something on it so it don't get infected. Get into your clothes, kid. You're coming home with me."

Ollie didn't offer one word of objection. Obediently he got up and slipped back into his clothes.

"I hope you're not too tired, kid. Dan and I'll really want to work you over when we get home."

Ollie felt his cock starting to get hard again just thinking about what was in store for him.

CHAPTER TEN

Pete sat in his room for two days trying to think of what he should do. At the end of those two days, he had only one solution: Dan. Dan had been responsible for what had happened to him; now he should do something to help.

About seven o'clock one night he started walking to Cranston. All he could think of while he walked was that during the entire two days he spent in the YMCA, with those rooms crawling with faggots, not one person had made an indecent offer. My fate, Pete thought, is indeed an unhappy one. He began to feel sorry for people who were always ugly, or chronically fat or old. Doesn't anybody want somebody for something other than looks? Pete thought. He resolved that if he ever did get his looks back, he would never be rotten to anybody again, no matter how shitty they were physically.

Actually, Pete was magnifying his case. There were any number of people in the YMCA who would have liked to go to bed with Pete. Prior to the accident Pete had been one of those people who more or less had their choice of sex partners, and Pete naturally chose the best built and the best looking. Now, those were the people who didn't look at Pete twice. Pete equated their indifference to a universal indifference. He was scarred, but he wasn't bad enough to make you puke just by looking at him.

The walk to Cranston took about forty-five minutes. Pete didn't even hesitate before walking up to Dan's door and ringing the bell.

When the door opened, Pete caught a look at his replacement and his heart sank into the ground.

Tony had slipped on a pair of shorts to answer the door. The rest of his body was bare for the world to see. Pete about came in his pants, especially after being cooped up in the YMCA with nothing but his hand for solace for two days.

"I'm looking for Dan Carmichael," Pete said. He couldn't help staring at Tony.

"Dan's working late," Tony said. "Can I help?"

Pete was tempted to tell Tony how, indeed, he might help, but he didn't. He hesitated. "My name's Pete," he said. "I used to know Dan. Could you tell him I was here and ask him to give me a ring at the YMCA?"

"Hey, are you the Pete who was in the fire?" Tony asked. Pete nodded mournfully.

"Come on in," Tony said, sweeping the door open full width. "Dan's always talked about how he tried to get in touch with you, but your old lady... I mean your mother wouldn't let him."

"My mother's sort of a bitch," Pete said. He hadn't meant to, but he liked Tony. By this time he was sitting in a chair and Tony was on the way to the kitchen for drinks.

"Dan'll be back in about an hour," Tony said. "You might as well wait here if you want to."

Pete nodded. He'd be glad to wait. As he was lifting the glass to his lips, he caught sight of somebody out of the corner of his eye. He turned that way.

A young kid with blond hair was standing hesitantly in the doorway to the bedrooms. He was stark naked and his cock was jutting out into space. He didn't look a day over seventeen.

Tony watched Pete's expression and smiled. "That's Ollie," he said. "He's our house slave." He turned to the kid. "Check the kitchen and then get in here," he said. The kid immediately nodded and almost ran into the kitchen.

"I know it seems weird, but that's what the kid really likes. It's great having him around here," Tony explained. "I haven't washed a dish in a week."

Tony had a way of telling you things that made you enjoy whatever he was saying. He could tell you the house was going to fall in and you'd laugh with him about it.

Ollie silently padded back into the living room on his bare feet. He knelt by Tony's chair, with his head hanging. Unconsciously, Tony reached over and began rubbing the kid's head. Like you would reach over and rub your pet collie's head.

“Kitchen all clean, Ollie?” Tony asked.

“Yes.”

“Okay, then, I guess you can assume the position.” Ollie immediately got up and moved to in front of Tony’s chair. Tony stood up briefly and let his shorts drop. When he sat down again, Ollie pulled the shorts from around his legs. He moved forward shoved his face between Tony’s legs, and gently and quietly started to suck Tony’s cock.

Pete stared at the performance. Tony caught the stare. “I found him,” he explained. “We moved him in here about a week ago. It’s not permanent. He’s got a week left of his vacation, then he’ll go back to Austin.”

“You mean he’s spending his vacation being your slave?” Pete asked.

“Yep. Ain’t that the shits?”

For the next hour the two of them talked and Ollie continued to gently suck on Tony’s cock. In the course of their conversation, Tony offered Ollie’s services to Pete. “Not meaning to be personal,” he said, “but from what Dan says you like to get fucked. Ollie’s available and I’ve seen him throw a mean fuck.”

Even the mention of being fucked made Pete cringe. His asshole still felt like it had been wallpapered in sandpaper. “I think I’ll pass,” Pete said. He thought he saw Ollie’s shoulders sag a little in disappointment.

When Dan walked in the door, he greeted Pete like a long lost friend. He grabbed him and started pounding on his back. When Dan was glad to see you he sometimes nearly killed you.

Everything was going along fine. Too fine. The three of them talked and Ollie was switched over from Tony’s cock to Dan’s cock, after he got everybody a drink.

Then they got down to brass tacks. Dan brought it up with an innocent question. “So what brings you back?” he asked.

Pete hesitated a few seconds. Everybody seemed so goddamned happy, even Ollie, that he hated to spoil anything, but what else could he do?

“I’ve had one of three operations I’m going to need to get back to looking decent,” Pete started to explain. “That first one cost over six

thousand dollars, which my mother paid for. “But—” he hesitated for emphasis, “she threw me out of the house a couple of days ago, with nothing.”

Dan threw a look at Tony. He had a feeling he knew what was coming.

“Hey look,” Pete continued, “I need those operations. Hell, nobody’ll even look at me. I had to pay for sex the other night.”

Dan looked again at Tony. He knew for sure now what was coming.

“And I figured,” Pete added, “that since you were more or less to blame for what happened to me, I thought maybe you’d... pay for the operations.”

There was a long, deadly pause in the conversation. Even Ollie stopped sucking and leaned back on his heels. He looked up at Dan. For once he was more interested in what was going to be said than in sucking on a cock.

“Let’s take what you’re saying one point at a time,” Dan said, very calmly. “First, you say I was more or less to blame. Well, let’s get one thing straight. There’s no way in the world that anybody I know is going to end up chained to a pole unless he wants to be there. And, Pete, you wanted to be chained to that pole. In fact, if you’d had your way you never would have left that goddamned pole.”

Pete started to interrupt.

“Now wait a minute,” Dan said, refusing to be interrupted. “There’s nobody in the world sorrier about what happened to you than I am. I tried my damnedest to get word to you and to see you, but I couldn’t...”

“Tony told me that,” Pete said.

“Well, I did,” Dan continued. “As for paying your hospital bills, there’s just no possible way for me to do it. I haven’t got near twelve thousand dollars. In fact, I couldn’t pay to have one of your teeth pulled.”

“We spent a lot fixing this place up,” Tony explained. “And we paid cash for a new car.”

“And finally,” Dan concluded, “I don’t know why your mother tossed you out and it’s none of my business, but I’d think your best bet is to get your ass back to her as fast as you can. I don’t think you’re going to get what you’re looking for here.”

Again there was a long pause. Pete cleared his throat. "First off," he said, his voice starting to crack with anger, "I'm sure glad you were able to buy a new car. With cash, yet, and to fix this place up really nice so all of you are comfortable."

"Thanks," Tony said. He thought Pete was genuinely glad. It wasn't that Tony was dumb; he was just too nice a guy.

"But there's one thing you forgot," Pete said. "I can still have you arrested for what you did...."

"Now wait a minute, creep," Dan said. He was really angry now. "You might have been able to have me pulled in on some phony charge when it happened, but you sure as hell can't now after almost seven months. So you can forget the fucking threats."

"We can see about that," Pete said, "And just morally I think you owe me help. After all, I look like shit and it's your fault."

"It's both our faults," Dan said more quietly. "If it's help you want, fine. I'll do anything I can. So will Tony. When you come in here asking for twelve thousand bucks and threatening to have me arrested, that's another story."

Suddenly, Pete was furious. All the pent-up frustration of seven months, plus seeing how happy and satisfied Dan was, caused a mental explosion. Blood rushed to his face. He stood up.

"I need twelve thousand dollars," he shouted, "and I'm goddamned going to get every red cent from you."

"Get the fuck out of here," Dan said. He stood up and started to grab for Pete.

"Don't touch me, you goddamned faggot," Pete screamed.

"Oh, wow," Dan said. "That just about takes the cake." He grabbed Pete's arm and pulled him to the door.

"How old is that kid?" Pete yelled as he was forcibly taken to the door. "Seventeen, maybe. I'll have the cops at your door in ten minutes."

Ollie looked up and smiled. "I'm twenty-three, buddy. You can send any amount of cops you want to over here. I really dig sucking off cops."

By that time Pete was at the door. He was shoved outside and the door was closed in his face. He stood outside the door for ten minutes, still cursing and threatening.

“I think he’s flipped his lid,” was Tony’s comment.

“I don’t care what he’s done,” Dan said. “There’s no way he’s gonna get twelve thousand dollars out of me. The way I feel right now, I wouldn’t give him a spare quarter.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

All the while Pete was walking back to the YMCA he was shaking with anger. He knew in his own mind that what he was angry at was the fact that Dan was so happy and satisfied while he was so goddamned ugly and miserable.

He worked out elaborate plans of revenge all the way back to his room, none of which he could hope to accomplish, but which gave him some sort of morbid satisfaction.

One plan was especially appealing. He decided that he would work his ass off until he had enough money to hire five of the toughest, biggest guys in the whole fucking city. Then, one dark night, they would grab Dan off the street, whisk him somewhere, and fuck him to death. Then hang him by the balls from the front of his apartment building. That was the scale on which Pete revenged.

When he got back to the YMCA however, his anger was alleviated a little by two things that happened. There was a note waiting for him in his mailbox from his mother. She had found him and from the way she worded her terse note, Pete felt sure she was ready to take him back, and to pay.

Then, as he was walking down the hallway on the resident floor to his room, he passed room 327. Inside, lying on the bed was an animal. About six-six, weighing at least two-hundred-forty. He was wearing just a pair of Levi's and was throwing come-hither glances at everybody who passed the door, including Pete.

Pete stopped in his tracks. "You got the time?" he called into the room. He thought he might be treading on thin ice. The guy probably didn't know how to tell time.

"It's just about eight-thirty," the Neanderthal shouted back. He rubbed his hand up and down his cock.

Pete caught sight of an olive-drab bag to the side of the room. It had a worn anchor imprinted on it. "You in the Marines?" he asked.

“Used to be,” came the answer. Ah, Pete thought, that’s where he learned to tell time.

“What do you like to do?” Pete asked. By this time he was leaning against the door frame.

“Whatta ya mean?”

“I mean what do you like to do? Fuck, suck, what...?” Pete figured he was safe being open in the YMCA, especially since this guy was as subtle as a water buffalo in heat.

“I like to do anything... for money,” Pete’s new friend said.

“Ah, that old bugaboo,” Pete said, smiling.

“What?”

“Nevermind. How much would you charge, say, to beat somebody up?”

“You wanna get beat up?”

“Not me. Somebody else.”

“Just beat ’em up?”

“And fuck them.”

“You mean rape him?”

“Sort of.”

“Jees, I don’t know. I never done that before. That’d come pretty expensive.”

“You got any buddies who’d help you?”

“You mean to beat up a guy?”

“And to fuck him.”

That question took some time to come up with an answer for. Did he have any buddies who’d like to beat up and fuck somebody? “Yeah,” he said finally, “I know a couple.”

“Listen, Einstein, you sit here and figure out how much you and your buddies would charge me and I’ll be back in a little while. I’ve got a phone call to make.”

“I’m goin’ out at nine.”

“I’ll be back in ten minutes.”

Pete headed down the hall to the pay telephone and put in a collect call to his mother. She was very reserved on the phone, but Pete had been right. She was ready to take him back and to pay the bills.

“I need a little money right now, Mother,” Pete said. He figured he might as well cash in on his good luck right off. She asked how much.

“A hundred dollars ought to be enough. I have to pay for my room and things like that.”

“I thought you were staying at the YMCA,” his mother said.

“Yeah, but it’s more expensive than you’d think,” he said. “How about mailing me the money tonight. I’ll get it tomorrow probably, then I’ll be home the next day.”

“I want you home tomorrow.”

“If you want me home at all, it’s gotta be the day after tomorrow.”

Pete sweated while she thought that one over, but she finally capitulated. “All right,” she said. “The day after tomorrow, and when you get home, you’re staying home.”

Pete hung up and walked backed to the animal’s room. The door was still open. Pete walked in and sat down on a chair squeezed in a corner.

“What’s your name, anyway?” he asked.

“Tom.”

“Well, Tom, did you come up with a price?”

“A hundred bucks.”

“A hundred bucks! I could buy a dozen guys for a hundred bucks.”

“Go ahead then.”

“How many buddies do you think you could get to help you?”

“Well, I think I could get four of us to beat up the guy, but only three of us would fuck him.”

“You got a shrinking violet in the bunch, eh?” Pete asked.

“What?”

“Never mind. How big’s your cock?”

“Big enough.”

“Well, stand up and show it to me.”

“Is it a deal on the hundred bucks?”

“I’ll give you thirty.”

“Seventy-five.”

“Forty.”

“Fifty.”

“Okay.” Tom stood up and unzipped his pants. He pulled out a very respectable piece of meat.

Pete sat and stared at his cock as it jerked, lengthened, and started to arch up into the air. He was horny despite the stitches in his ass. He wondered if he could get fucked without causing any damage.

“How about if I let you fuck me?” Pete asked. “Will you go slow?”

“You lettin’ me ain’t got nothin’ to do with it. You gotta pay,” Tom said. He seemed to have a one-track mind. “And I’ll do it any way you want it.”

“Will you leave the door open when you fuck me?” Pete asked. He was getting excited.

“Christ, no.”

“Maybe just a little bit. A few inches.”

“You gotta pay for it.”

“How much for the fuck and the open door?”

“Twenty.”

“You’re nuts.”

“Fifteen.”

“You’re still nuts.”

“Ten.”

“It’s a deal.”

Pete adjusted the door until it was open only about five inches while Tom closed the venetian blinds and drew the drapes. It was pretty dim in the room by that time, so if anybody did happen to see them, they’d have to look hard. Pete stripped out of his clothes and hopped onto the bed. He watched Tom slowly get out of his pants. The guy seemed to make a production out of it.

He was big all right, more brawny and husky than defined, but Pete wasn’t exactly being choosey at this point of his career.

Tom was standing there, naked, his arms hanging down at his side. “Suck it a little while,” he said. “Until it gets really hard.”

Pete hopped off the bed and got on his knees in front of the guy. He reached out with his mouth and swallowed as much of the cock as he could. Immediately Tom grabbed hold of his head, keeping it still, and began face fucking him roughly. He whammed his hips up against Pete’s face, forcing his hardening cock deeper and deeper down Pete’s throat.

“That’s good, that’s good.” he kept saying as he slammed his cock into Pete’s mouth.

When the prick was rock hard, Tom pulled it out and gestured for Pete to hop up on the bed. Pete stretched out on the bed on his belly, facing the door.

“You want your ass greased or do you want it dry?” Tom asked.

“Hell, yes, I want it greased,” Pete said. “I told you this whole operation has to go easy.”

Tom threw a tube of KY next to Pete on the bed. Pete knelt up and started to apply the grease gently to his asshole. He was surprised and happy to not feel any pain when he stuck his finger inside himself.

Just as he was pulling his finger out of his own ass, a body passed the door. Pete couldn’t distinguish any features—the person was moving too fast for that—but the idea that somebody was passing within about five feet of where he was going to be fucked really turned Pete on.

"C'mon, for Christ sake," Tom said. "I told you I had to leave by nine."

"Okay. Okay. I was just enjoying it a little. Do you mind?"

He threw the tube down on the floor and lowered himself again to his belly. Almost immediately two-hundred-forty pounds fell on his back. Pete damn near had the wind knocked out of him. Tom's hard cock was jutting between Pete's thighs.

Tom raised himself only far enough and long enough to aim his cock at Pete's asshole, then he settled his full bulk down again on Pete's back. As he settled, the full length of his cock sank into Pete's asshole.

Pete felt as though his guts were ripping. The pain was so bad that he struggled to get away from the weight on top of him, but he could barely move.

Tom, meanwhile, stayed where he was, moving only his hips as he pile-driven his cock deep into Pete's ass. He fucked like an animal, without thought of giving pleasure or possibly causing pain. He simply lay there and fucked.

Pete grunted and groaned in pain for a few seconds, then as usual, the pain got to be exciting for him. He suddenly enjoyed that dead weight on top of him, smothering him, holding him defenseless. He enjoyed the feel of that cock pounding into him, never stopping, almost a mechanized fuck.

His groans turned from ones of pain to ones of pleasure, then he started to stare out the door, hoping that somebody would walk by and stop and look in and watch Pete taking cock up the ass.

Several times as Tom continued to punish his asshole, somebody walked by the door, but it apparently was too dark for them to see inside. They looked, though.

The next time Pete heard footsteps coming down the hall, he groaned loudly just as the passing body got by the door. From the sound of his groan and the slight squeak of the bed frame, it didn't take much of an imagination to know what was going on inside the room.

The guy who passed had only a towel wrapped around him, He looked straight, but who could tell in the fucking YMCA. He stopped and stared

hard into the room. Apparently he couldn't see anything because he started to walk off.

Pete groaned again, only louder this time, and moved his ass around as much as he could. The bed springs squeaked louder.

The man in the hall stopped and came back. He walked up to the door, peered inside, shielding his eyes from the light in the hallway. That's when he got his eyeful.

"Jesus," Pete heard the guy whisper. He continued standing there, staring into the room; watching the fuck and running his hand up and down his cock.

Pete looked up at him and groaned again. "Come in," he grunted. The man in the hall looked cautiously up and down the hallway then squeezed through the doorway. Tom just kept right on fucking.

The man moved to in front of Pete and dropped the towel from around his waist. His cock was already hard.

Pete scooted forward an inch or two until he could reach the guy's cock with his mouth. He started to suck it.

This is the way I'll have to do it, Pete thought, until I have those two operations. I have to do my sucking and fucking in a dark room.

After he'd sucked on the man's dick for a few seconds, the man leaned down. "You want my buddy to come over, too?" he asked. Pete nodded. The man grabbed his towel, rewrapped himself and headed out into the hall.

This time he didn't squeeze through the door. He opened it and walked out. He left it open about a foot. The room was a lot lighter now and a lot easier to see into.

Tom was still grunting softly and still fucking Pete's ass. A robot, that's what the guy was, a fucking robot.

Another body passed the door, glanced into the room, and came to a screeching halt; Whoever it was walked up to the door and stood there, leaning against the frame. He was grinning and staring into the room. "Fuck that ass, baby," he said.

In just a few seconds, the guy with the towel wrapped around him came back. He had his friend with him. They looked like two peas in a pod off the same farm. They came into the room and closed the door. One of them walked to the window and opened the drape. That let in a little light.

Then the two newcomers got in front of Pete. They got as close together as they could and aimed their cocks collectively at Pete's mouth. Again he scooted forward and took as much of both cocks into his mouth as he could.

Still Tom fucked his ass, never missing a stroke. Then, suddenly, as Pete was sucking off two cocks and taking a third up the ass, Tom made his first statement. "I got an appointment," he said and then shot off. Without making any additional noise, or giving any indication that he was enjoying his work, he simply shot off into Pete's ass and pulled his prick out.

His cock was covered with blood. He didn't say anything, he just wiped it off on the towel, went to Pete's pocket, pulled out some money, took off a ten-dollar bill and started to get dressed.

All the while he was putting his clothes on, Pete continued to suck off those two cocks. These two were obviously lovers because all the while Pete sucked their dicks, they were kissing and necking like crazy.

Tom finally finished dressing. "You guys have to leave now," he said matter-of-factly.

When Pete didn't respond, Tom grabbed him by the hair and pulled him away from the two cocks. "I said you have to leave," Tom repeated.

"Do you want to go to my room?" Pete asked. Both men nodded their heads. "We want to fuck you," they said. Pete was more than ready for that.

Pete jumped up, up on his pants, and turned to Tom. "I'll see you tomorrow," he said, "and we'll make plans for our little business venture."

"Huh?"

"I'll see you tomorrow morning."

"Oh, yeah. Right."

Pete walked out into the hallway and joined the two towel-wrapped lovers. They took one look at him in the light and decided that they were late for an appointment.

“C’est la vie,” Pete said as he watched the two bodies retreat down the hall. “They might be sorry after I get fixed up.”

He went down to his own room and took off his pants, getting ready to head to the shower. That warm feeling he’d felt and thought was just the result of the fuck he’d gotten and the cum in his ass, wasn’t that at all, it was blood, running down his legs again.

Pete wrapped a towel around himself and headed for the bathroom. He wadded up some toilet paper, eased it into his asshole, then headed back to his room and got dressed.

The doctor had his asshole sewed up again in no time.

CHAPTER TWELVE

It took an hour after Pete left the apartment for Tony to get Dan calmed down. If there was one thing in the world that really pissed Dan off, it was when he thought somebody was taking advantage of him. This time he didn't think Pete was taking advantage of him, he *knew* it.

"I ought to knock the shit out of him," Dan said. "Knock every fucking tooth out of his mouth."

"Why?" Tony answered. "He'd like it."

The phone rang. Tony answered it. "Hey, Dan," he called into the living room. "It's Don Jamison. He wants to know if he can come over and fuck Ollie."

"Yeah, I guess so," Dan answered, "but just him. Tell him to leave that friend of his home."

Dan caught Ollie looking at him. Not saying anything, just looking and sort of pleading.

"Hey, Tony. Tell Jamison he can bring his friend along. Ten friends if he wants to." He looked back at Ollie. "That make you happy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Vengeance hath no fury like a faggot scorned," Dan said when Tony got back in the room. "So we better watch out for a while. That asshole's liable to try to burn the apartment down."

"Maybe you ought to try to help him out a little," Tony said. "After all, you were involved."

"Listen, kid. When it first happened I made all sorts of offers. I even offered to take him to my new apartment and nurse him back to health. His old lady squelched that fast. I offered money, no dice. I tried everything, still no dice. Later I found out from the police that the fire started in my apartment. That kid somehow started it himself, and now he wants me to pay twelve-thousand dollars to get him fixed up. No way."

"I didn't know he started it."

“I’m not sure and neither are the cops, but it did start in my apartment. Since he was the only one there, he must have had something to do with it.”

“Do you think maybe he’s a little bit nuts?” Tony asked.

“You, my buddy, are the master of understatement. That kid is all the way nuts.”

“So we’ll watch out for a while.”

“Yeah, for a while. C’mon Tony, let’s go and fuck each other.”

Tony grinned and led the way into the bedroom.

As soon as they were inside the bedroom with the door closed, Ollie got up and went to the front door. He opened it an inch or two. Then he went back to the middle of the living room and knelt down with his face flat against the floor and with his ass sticking up in the air. He would wait there until Don Jamison and his friend, or friends, arrived.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The crew that Tom assembled for his “business venture” with Pete looked like they just came off the line of the Green Bay Packers. They were big.

Pete got chills just sitting in the room watching them. The doctor had told him that he absolutely refused to sew up his ass again. “Pete’s asshole,” the doctor had stated unequivocally, “was off limits for the duration.”

First, Pete was made to hand over the fifty dollars, which all of the assembled brutes seemed to appreciate. Then Pete outlined the plan to them.

He wanted them to go to a certain address, which he would give them later, and get hold of a young guy who lived there. This guy was dark, his name was Tony and he never wore any clothes around the house.

Pete would make sure that Dan was out of the house by calling and asking Dan to meet him so he could apologize for what had happened the other night. Dan was always a sucker for anybody who wanted to apologize.

At eight o’clock, the monsters would assemble at the address Pete would give them, grab Tony, and take him in a rented car to a place called the Pen. There they should literally knock the shit out of him, fuck him as many times as they could, get anybody else in the place to fuck him if they could, knock the shit out of him again, then dump him back his own doorstep.

Pete then pulled a magic marker out of his pocket. “When you’re finished with him,” he said, handing the marker to Tom, “write ‘From Pete’ on the guy’s chest.”

Tom nodded.

“You think you’ve got all that, now?” Pete asked.

“Yeah, I think so,” Tom answered. He looked doubtful.

“Tell me,” Pete said.

“We go to this address you give us and get hold of this dark young guy named Tony who don’t wear no clothes and take him to the Pen. I know where that is. Then we beat him up, fuck him, beat him up again and offer him to the guys down there. Then we dump him on his front step, and I put, ‘From Tony’ on his chest.”

“‘From Pete,’ you fuckin’ idiot,” Pete said. “That’s Tony you’re writing on.”

All six-six of Tom towered over Pete. He looked down. “Don’t you call me no fuckin’ idiot,” he said, and Pete felt as close to death as he’d ever been in his life.

After an abject apology from Pete, the crisis passed and the story was gone over again, point by point. Pete wrote out Dan’s address in printed script, legible even to an illiterate, and handed it to Tom.

“Everything straight now?” he asked.

Tom found that very funny. Straight.

The next stop for Pete was the phone to call Dan. He put on his sorrier-than-hell voice and pleaded with Dan to meet him that night about eight at a restaurant. He’d only feel better, Pete told him, if Dan would let him buy a meal as an apology.

“And please come just by yourself,” Pete added. “I like Tony, but his being there would bring back too many bad memories of what we used to have.”

He went almost too far with that last bit, but managed to salvage his act. Dan agreed reluctantly, but he’d always been a sucker for an apology.

Pete went back to Tom’s room and made sure that they had everything straight. He was as nervous as an about-to-be-father. He took one of the big jocks back to his room with him and paid the guy two dollars to let him suck him off. He wasn’t worth it, but the suck job Pete gave him managed to take a little of the nervousness out of Pete’s system.

The parallel operation started simultaneously at seven-forty-five. Tom was driving the car Pete had rented. The three other goons were in the back seat. He dropped Pete off at the restaurant where he was to meet Dan, then the car took off and with it all of Pete’s hopes for revenge.

Pete walked into the restaurant and got a table. He was early, but that was all right.

By eight o'clock, the rented car was parked in front of Dan's apartment building. It pulled up just as Dan was pulling away in his own car. Nobody noticed anybody else.

Tom decided that he was going to run this whole thing smoothly, so instead of just walking up to the door, ringing the bell and grabbing the guy when he answered, he told his buddies he was going to reconnoiter the place first. He did not use the word "reconnoiter."

Tom ambled up the walk that led to the apartment building until he caught sight of the number over the door of the apartment he wanted. He ducked quickly off the cement, across the lawn, and into a small alcove into which the windows of one wall of Dan's apartment looked. He squatted below the window, raising himself by inches until he could look with one eye into the living room. There wasn't a soul in sight.

Tom was at a loss for anything else to do, so he stayed where he was until his thighs started to ache. Finally a body appeared in the apartment.

Tom watched the figure walk into the living room from the direction of what he guessed was the kitchen. Suddenly, Tom was grateful for all the training the Marine Corps had given him. Which at the time had seemed so stupid.

The figure Tom was watching was buck naked, so it must be the one he was after. Of course, you'd have to stretch your imagination a little to say that the guy was "dark", but if you squinted, it was all right.

Tom tried to think what the name was that the creep had said their victim had. Try as hard as he could, he couldn't remember, but it wasn't important.

He waited until the figure disappeared somewhere and then jumped out of the bushes, skirted the lawn and regained the sidewalk. He whistled nonchalantly back to the car.

"Okay, guys," he said as he leaned over and stuck his head in the car, "we got our man."

The four walked in file up the sidewalk, directly to the front door of Dan's apartment. Once there, Tom deployed his men. Two he put on the left side, slightly out of sight, and the third on the right, again out of sight. He rang the bell.

The bell was answered by that same naked figure. He didn't even bother to pull some pants on.

"Hi," the figure said when he saw Tom.

"Could you step out here a second?" Tom asked, gesturing to the front steps.

Ollie didn't know what was happening. He just answered the door. He'd been taking orders for so long around the place, from so many people, that when Tom told him to come outside, he went, naked or no.

Seven arms grabbed various parts of his body and one hand was slapped across his mouth. He was lifted and carried with no effort at all, to a car waiting at the curb. Ollie offered no resistance at all.

He was shoved into the back seat and joined by two of the guys who had grabbed him. The two others got into the front seat. The car was started and took off.

Ollie felt some sort of cloth being put around his eyes and a damp handkerchief stuffed in his mouth. He was excited as hell. His cock was rock hard.

"He's naked," one of the conspirators told Tom.

"He's supposed to be naked," Tom said.

"How are we supposed to get him into the Pen?"

Tom thought about that for a while. He wasn't sure the cops, if they saw it, would appreciate four guys taking a blindfolded, gagged, naked kid into a place. Even if it was the Pen.

"We'll do it in the parking lot. Way in the back where it's dark."

"What if the cops come by? They're always checkin' that parking lot."

"Shit, that's right. Hell, I know. Joey, when we get there you go in and ask the bartender for one of them pairs of pants they keep in that old box.

You know, the ones they're always findin' when they clean up. It don't matter if they don't fit."

When they arrived at the Pen, Tom pulled into the back of the parking lot and they waited while Joey went inside to get a pair of trousers. While they were waiting, Ollie was allowed the privilege of sucking on the cock of one of his abductors, blindfolded. He like that a lot.

Joey came back waving a pair of pants. They got Ollie out of the car and made him put the trousers on. Then, in a group, they headed inside.

Ollie was immediately whisked into one of the back rooms where there was a table. The pants were ripped off him. They took off the blindfold and gag and got him on his back on the table.

That's when the fun, for Ollie, started. He was punched and jabbed and hacked and clipped and spit at and punched again. He got his arm twisted behind him until it was almost broken off, then Tom took off his belt and started to welt up Ollie's back and ass.

They stood him up in the corner and took turns punching away at him. Into the gut, into the face, but he held back a little. After all, the guy was, as one of them put it, a pretty good kid.

When their arms were tired and Ollie's face was purple and puffy, his lips cracked, his nose bloody, his back, chest and ass welted, they brought a chair from the front of the place and bent him over it, his ass in the air.

Tom went first. He spit on his cock and spread the saliva around a little. He put his cock up against Ollie's asshole and shoved. In it went, neat as a pin. Ollie grunted his pleasure.

Tom long-dicked him about fifty seconds then rutted against the ass, spurting his cum inside. He yanked his cock out. A second big body took his place.

No spit this time. It wasn't needed. Tom's cum had Ollie's asshole well greased. In went the big dry cock. Out. In. Again and again and again. The fucker was wheezing from the effort of the fuck; the fuckee was gurgling happily. Wham! Another load of cum up his asshole.

A third body stepped behind Ollie. This one had the biggest cock of the group. He angled himself a little differently so when he jammed his cock

into Ollie it took a slightly different path. Opening up new horizons, so to speak. Ollie groaned his pleasure.

The fourth goon declined the offer. He only liked to fuck girls, he said. Ollie's ass was offered to any of the guys who had been standing by the entrance to the room, watching. A couple of them took Tom up. They dropped their pants and aimed their cocks at that used asshole and started to fuck.

Five of them, in all, took Tom up on the offer. Five of them, and three from Tom's group. The victim had been fucked eight times. Cum was dripping down his legs.

Tom grabbed Ollie by the hair and pulled him upright. He threw him across the room against the wall and started in with the fists. Into the belly; into the face. Slaps with the open palm across the face. Blood was streaming again from Ollie's nose. His eyes were almost closed.

"Okay," Tom said at last. "I think he's done. Just one last thing. Somebody drag him to the pisser."

Ollie was picked up and carried to the men's room. He was more or less draped across the urinal. Cock after cock then was pulled out and aimed at him. Gallons of piss splattered over him, soaking his hair, flooding down his mouth, burning as it seeped into his open cuts.

Finally they were finished.

Ollie was hauled out to the car, naked, and dumped in. The four goons climbed in and the car took off. They drove like hell and pulled up with a screech in front of Dan's apartment building.

The four of them lifted Ollie out of the car, ran up the sidewalk and laid him very gently on the step in front of the door. They rang the bell hard about four times then got the hell out of there.

Inside, in the bedroom, Dan was on his belly on the bed. Tony had his cock stuck up his buddy's ass.

"That sounds important," Dan said.

"Probably Ollie," Tony suggested. "I don't know where in the hell he went." He went right on sliding his cock in and out of Dan's asshole.

“Maybe he needs help,” Dan said. He made a move like he wanted to get up and see.

Tony pulled his cock out with a halfway disgusted sigh. “Christ,” he said. “This’s only the third time you’ve let me fuck you and you’ll use any excuse to get out of it.”

“Nah. The kid might be in trouble. Besides, you fucked me more than three times. It’s been more like forty.”

The both got up. Dan headed to the living room but, before he could get through the door, Tony grabbed him and turned him around. He slipped to his knees and took Dan’s cock in his mouth.

Immediately, Dan began to slowly fuck with his hips. “Thatta baby,” he said. “Suck off that cock like you really like it.”

For maybe three minutes the door was totally forgotten. Tony pulled his mouth off Dan’s cock, stood up and started to wrap a towel around his middle.

“What the hell...?” Dan said. He had just started to get close to a cum.

“Just wanted you to know how it feels to get interrupted when you’re interested in something,” Tony said and laughed like hell as he went to the door. Dan stayed behind and lit a cigarette.

“Jesus!” he heard Tony say from the front door. He hurried into the living room. Tony was standing at the front door, staring down at what looked like a body on the front step.

“What’s the matter?” Dan asked as he got closer. “Christ, it’s Ollie,” Tony said, and only then started lifting Ollie up. Dan helped him get the kid into the living room. They stretched him out flat on the sofa.

Dan noticed the writing on the kid’s chest first. “From Pete.”

“Holy Christ,” he said. “Why’d he pick on Ollie.”

Tony went to the bathroom and came back with a bottle of smelling salts. Dan always kept them on hand in case they ran into a faint-hearted trick.

Tony shoved the bottle under Ollie's nose and the kid immediately came out of whatever he was in. He blinked his eyes slowly and then grinned.

His teeth were all gone.

"What happened?" Dan asked. Worry was heavy in his voice.

"I think I was taken care of. Really taken care of," Ollie said, "for the first time in my life. It was wonderful."

"But they knocked the shit out of you," Tony said. He sounded worried, too. "They even busted all your teeth."

"They just busted my plate," Ollie said. "I've got another set. I lost my real teeth three years ago. A sailor knocked them out. He was beautiful."

Tony went into the bathroom and started to run water in the tub. He got it good and hot. Then he went back into the living room and picked Ollie up. He took him to the bathroom and deposited him in the water. He sighed contentedly as he sank in the water.

"I wonder why in the hell they picked on him?" Tony asked.

"They probably didn't mean to get him," Dan said. "I wondered why that little asshole wanted to buy me dinner. It was probably to get me out of the house so whoever worked Ollie over could get to you."

"To me? Why me?" Tony asked. When it came to getting the shit knocked out of him by gangs, he was a coward.

"Probably to get even with me," Dan said.

"Well, do you mind if I write the creep a note and tell him that if he wants to get even with you, he should have you beaten up, and not me. I love you, Danny boy, a lot, but not that much."

"He won't be back," Dan said. "He thinks he's gotten his revenge."

"I hope not. Christ, it's going to take Ollie three weeks, at least, to recover."

"Yeah, I guess we'll have him around here a lot longer than we thought. That okay with you?"

"Sure. I don't like washing dishes."

They left Ollie in the bathtub and went into the bedroom. “I think I ought to do one thing,” Dan said. He picked up the phone. He called information and asked for the number of the YMCA. He dialed it and asked for Pete’s room.

It took five minutes, but finally Pete answered the call. He sounded nervous as he said hello.

“This is Dan,” Dan said, his voice shaking. “I just found him and I know you had something to do with it.” He hesitated, as though sobbing. “I know I can’t prove it, but I know you had it done.”

“And let me tell you something, you fucking punk,” he added. “If I so much as see your goddamned face ever again, I’ll kill you. Do you hear me? I’ll kill you.”

He sounded so convincing that he almost scared Tony. On the other end of the line, Pete’s voice was shaking as he assured Dan that he would never see him again. They both hung up.

“Well, that’s that,” Dan said after putting the receiver down. “I’m happy that Pete’s gone. You’re happy because you’re not facing a beating. Even Pete’s happy because he thinks he’s got his revenge. I think I just saved twelve thousand dollars, and a lot of hassling.”

“And the weird thing,” Tony added, “is that even Ollie’s happy. Happy about what happened tonight and probably ecstatic that he doesn’t have to go back to Austin.”

Dan reached up and grabbed hold of Tony’s ear, pulling him down, his face close to his cock. “Now where were we?” he asked.

Tony pulled away. “I remember right the hell where we were,” he said, and he shoved Dan voluntarily flipped on his belly.

“Hey, wait a minute,” Tony said. “I want you on your back, with your legs in the air and your asshole wide open.”

“You know I don’t like it like that,” Dan said. He flattened himself out on his belly.

“I don’t give a shit what you like,” Tony said pinching Dan’s ass until he moved. “It’s *my* night to fuck, remember?”

THE END